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HORÆ GERMANICÆ:
A VERSION
OF
GERMAN HYMNS.

BY
HENRY MILLS.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

NEW YORK AND AUBURN:
MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN.

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1856.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six,

BY HENRY MILLS,

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New York.

50

AUBURN:
MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN,
STEREOTYPES AND PRINTERS.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE Translator would premise:—

Hymns 38, 62, 119, and 164, were written before he could venture on an imitation of the German *double rhyme*; and therefore fail to exhibit that trait of their originals. All the rest give the precise form of the German stanza.

As to the character of the version—it is so *free* as to furnish no apology for harshness or obscurity in its language: and yet sufficiently *close* to exclude him from all claim to merit for the thought.

It is offered as “*a specimen*” of an almost boundless store of German hymns; and should it also prove an acceptable “*manual for the closet*,” his highest hopes respecting it will be answered.

AUBURN, *November*, 1845.

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The additional hymns, (forty-four in number,) have an asterisk (*) before their titles.

The *originals* are not answerable for the stanzas in brackets.

AUBURN, *January*, 1856.

L'ENVOY.

Go forth, little book!—I to others now leave thee;—
Go seek among strangers in future thy friends;
If worthy,—the worthy will kindly receive thee;
If worthless,—neglect is thy worthy amends.

Throughout all thy growth, I have taught thee with pleasure,
What Germane have chanted, in English to tell:
Amid graver cares, and in seasons of leisure,
I've lov'd thee;—and, loving, now bid thee Farewell!

And, for saint the most feeble, should God ever use thee,
One joy to impart, or one murmur restrain;—
Though others in scorn, should all favor refuse thee,—
My toil and my pleasure will not be in vain.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

1

THE GOD OF NATURE.

THOU Great First Cause! when, of thy skill
And might, the traces viewing,
I see, too, how thy love is still
The good of all pursuing,
Astonish'd at thy matchless ways,
How can I render worthy praise,—
My God, my Lord, and Father!

- 2 The Earth, where'er I turn my eye,
Reveals her Maker's glory;
Through day and night the shining sky
Of praise repeats its story;
Who for the Sun there fix'd his place?
Who clothes him with majestic grace?
The starry hosts—Who leads them?
- 3 Who rules the fickle raging winds?
The clouds, in rain distilling?
And Who the lap of Earth unbinds,
Our stores with plenty filling?
Great God, thy praises shall abide,
And, with thy goodness, reach as wide
As wide creation reaches.

- 4 Praise thee the sunshine and the storm ;
 Thy praise the ocean raises :
 " Come ! "— says each happy living form,—
 " Come, sing my Maker's praises ! "
 " Me "— says the tree in bloom array'd,
 " Me "— says the grain, " thy God has made,
 " Sing praises to our Maker ! "
- 5 'Tis Man,— a body, of thy hand
 The marvelous formation ;
 'Tis Man,— a soul to understand
 Thy wonders of creation ;
 'Tis Man,— who to himself supplies
 Best proof that thou art good and wise,—
 Who best should sing thy praises.
- 6 Now pay thy honors to his name,
 My soul, his glories telling :
 Thy Father and thy God proclaim,
 The world's glad anthem swelling :
 Let all our race, with one accord,
 Love, trust, and serve our common Lord :
 Who can refuse to serve him !

C. F. GELLEET, d. 1769.

JEHOVAH is my light, salvation showing,
 Perfection in Jehovah finds its place,
 The soul's best joys are from Jehovah flowing,
 Jehovah is the fount of holiness.

This *light* alone can ev'ry doubt dispel,
 Perfection!—'t is to this my hopes aspire,
 While *joys of soul* but quicken my desire
That I in *holiness* with him may dwell.

2 Jehovah — Who can comprehend his being?

 Here human thought is lost in wild'ring maze :
But from his *word* I much may learn, there seeing
 How strangely wise and good are all his ways.
In these, Who had his mind and purpose known ?
 Or was his counselor, his course to guide ?
 Proud Reason, blush ! — that sea is far too wide,
Too deep for thee.— His plans are all his own.

3 Jehovah,— Source to all of life and motion,

 For mortal eye thy glories are too bright ;
Yet here a pilgrim, with sincere devotion
 I fain would live beneath thy watchful sight.
Thyself art light,—and light is thine abode,
 Thou hatest him who in the darkness hides,
 But him thou lovest who in light abides —
In beams of mercy shine on all my road !

4 Jehovah, God with us ! — till life is ended,

 Be ev'ry day in thy communion pass'd ;
My soul, till then by thy kind eye attended,
 Thou wilt to endless glory bring at last.
Blind sinner, think ! — in time thy danger see !
 Refusing light, wilt thou the darkness take ?
 At death, all joy and hope will thee forsake,
While Light and Love unite my God and me.

3 THE GOD OF NATURE AND OF GRACE.

- DREAD Majesty above !
Of pray'r none else is worthy :
The angels near thy throne
With rev'rence bow before thee :
In love and humble faith
Make thou our souls sincere,
That we may seek thy face
With thanks and holy fear.
- 2 Thou art the highest good,
To ev'ry ill a stranger ;
Thy bliss, complete in thee,
Of change can fear no danger :
All glory too is thine,
Nor creatnres, great or small,
Thy glory can increase,
Great Maker, Lord of all.
- 3 Thou callest what was not
To life and conscious pleasure ;
And beings round thee spread
In numbers out of measure :
Thy nature all is love,
And works of boundless skill
Unceasingly employ'd,
Thy schemes of love fulfill.
- 4 Thou speakest, and 't is done ;
When but thy word was given,
The frame of nature rose —

The earth and starry heaven.

Thy will throughout the world
Such deeds of power show,
As creatures else would think
Beyond all pow'r to do.

- 5 Thou art the Lord of lords ;
And earthly kings, the highest,
Before thee are but dust,—
Thou all their strength suppliest.
Whose pride thou wouldst depress,
Who longer can sustain ?
But, whom thou wilt exalt,
Shall envied glory gain.

- 6 'T is thine alone, to live
And reign supreme forever.
Life's thine to give or take,
We breathe but by thy favor.
The soul that rules in us
We have, Most High, from thee ;—
Were such thy will, it dies,
But thou must ever be.

- 7 Thee—who has ever seen ?
Who can in flesh behold thee ?
No mortal eye could bear
The splendors that infold thee
Where thou, in glory thron'd,
Inhabitest the praise
Which angels, evermore,
In songs of rapture raise.

- 8 What we, immortal King,
Are of thy nature knowing,
 Thou hast thyself reveal'd,
Thy works and counsels showing.
 Creation speaks thy power,
 More clearly still thy Son
 Displays thy wondrous grace,
 And makes the godhead known.
- 9 Yet, what we learn of thee
With shadows here is shrouded ;
 But soon we hope a light
And vision all unclouded,
 When we to God shall come,
 No shade or veil between ;
 And there his glory see,
 As we ourselves are seen.
- 10 Meantime would we below
Ne'er cease our honors bringing ;
 Despise not, LORD, the praise
Our stamm'ring tongues are singing :
 When we shall rise to thee
 In realms of light above,
 In higher, nobler strains,
 We'll sing the God of love.

J. S. DIETERICH, d. 1797.

4

* PRAISE TO GOD.

Of God I sing,
The God of grace and power ;
In name He's great,
Of mighty deeds the doer ;
In heav'n, o'er all its hosts, the King.

2 If He but speak,
New worlds would start to being ;
And, at his frown,
To non-existence fleeing,
Would worlds like empty bubbles break.

3 His robe,—the light ;
The best,—what he proposes ;
He reigns, *as* God,—
The drapery, that incloses
His throne,—is spotless truth and right.

4 His watchful care
Is over all extended,—
He was—of old,
Will be—when time is ended,
None else can with our God compare.

5 What is—has been—
In sky, and earth, and ocean,—
Before him lies.
To us what's blind commotion,
Is all by Him distinctly seen.

- 6 He guards me round,—
My rest for me arranges :
Discerns my plans,
Foresees their hidden changes,—
With Him there is no darkness found.
- 7 He's ever near :
At home, abroad with strangers,—
Where land, and sea,
And sky disclose their dangers,
He still upholds me safely there.
- 8 My wish He knows,
All that I fear—He knows it :
The good I would—
He sees what ills oppose it,
And evermore his mercy shows.
- 9 For me He weigh'd
The portion here assign'd me
Of joy and grief ;
What length of days should find me
He fix'd,—before the world was made.
- 10 There's nothing mine,—
All, all—to God I owe it.
Love to thy name—
LORD, give me grace to show it !
Be all the praise and glory thine !
- 11 No one can reach
Thy works with worthy praises.

The floating down,
Wherever borne, bears traces
Its Maker's pow'r and skill to teach.

12 Each blade that springs
With perfect wisdom tallies :
Ye winds, and waves,
Ye brooks, and hills, and valleys,—
Ye are the hymns that Nature sings.

13 Who cheers the land,
Us to green pastures guiding ;
And night, and day,
And corn, and oil providing ?
Our comforts flow at *his* command.

14 The sparrow's fall
Awaits the LORD's direction :
Then shall not I
Confide in his protection,
And trust his grace to hear my call ?

15 Let God be nigh,
From ills my sole defender,—
What would I more
That Heav'n or earth could render ?
Yea, Hell itself I might defy.

C. F. GELLEERT, d. 1769.

* THE GERMAN TE DEUM.

Now all,—to God give thanks
With hearts, and hands, and voices !
’Tis He, whose wondrous grace
All, ev’rywhere, rejoices :
From birth, through helpless years
He bore us safely on ;
His love, throughout our course,
Has countless favors done.

2 May God, in mercy still,
While earth remains our dwelling,
His good bestow,—our tongues
With joy his goodness telling !
And when our strength shall fail,
May He display his pow’r ;
And, from the ills we fear,
Defend us evermore !

3 Praise, honor, thanks to God !
On high the Father seated,
The Son, and Spirit too,—
With equal homage greeted !
He is the God of old,
And right in all his ways ;
To Him, the Great and Good,
Let all give endless praise !

6

POWER OF GOD.

- WHO, LORD, thy deeds can measure?
Unbounded is thy might,
When men make crime their pleasure,
Thy sword for slaughter's bright.
Destruction, at thy bidding,
Sweeps o'er what thou hadst made,
Submissive to thy guiding,
And, at thy word, is stay'd.
- 2 'Gainst those thy will despising
Thy glory thou'lt maintain;
Their wrath to fury rising
But proves their rage is vain.
Be still, ye proud,—nor longer
Provoke his fearful rod;—
Dream not that ye are stronger
Than is the arm of God.
- 3 Vain hope, his church to trample!
Ye foes, mark well the word!
For *her*—resources ample
Are ever in the LORD.
His sword, high o'er her flaming,
Shall guard and banner be;
Her host, in fight exclaiming—
“*The LORD and victory!*”

7

• THE LOVE OF GOD.

God is love—then sing his praises !
 Love that shall unchanging be ;
 Tell what joys his Spirit raises,
 Making known that love to thee !
 While his holy vengeance reaches
 With its flames the lowest hell,
 “ God is Love ”—’t is what he teaches,
 And his saints approve it well.

2 Love ! which he to men revealing
 Points them to his dying Son :
 Love !—all human thoughts excelling,
 Measured by himself alone ;
Broad art thou, through space extending ;
Long,—to last when time shall cease ;
Deep,—to hopeless guilt descending ;
High too,—reaching heav’nly bliss.

3 Love !—although my heart can never
 Thy full measure comprehend,—
 O make vain the foe’s endeavor
 From thyself my heart to rend !
 Love !—to thee my soul is plighted,—
 Teach me more of thee to know,
 That my soul, to God united,
 May his love forever show !

8

* OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

THOU Spirit, perfect and allwise,
 Who slumb'rest not, nor sleepest,
 But, o'er all changes as they rise, ~
 Thy watch untiring keepest,—
 No darkness can obscure thy sight,
 No shelter is availing;
 But deeds that seek the shades of night,
 Of wish'd concealment failing,
 From thee shall find exposure.

2 Our very thoughts to Thee are known

While we in secret hold them,—
 Before by language they are shown,
 Or any act has told them.

The heart is open to thine eye,
 Uncover'd its recesses,—

The hidden aim—tho' it belie
 All that the lip professes ;—
 The reins of men thou triest.

3 Whatever most thy friends desire

Is known ere they implore thee ;
 Their sighs have gain'd all they require,
 Ere they have bow'd before thee.

And what thy foes would fain conceal
 Beneath their false adorning,
 To thee far clearer rays reveal
 Than beams of brightest morning
 Without a cloud or shadow.

- 4 What in the future yet shall be
When ages shall have ended,
Already present is to thee
With perfect light attended.
Things yet to come thy saints have heard,
That they to saints might tell them,
Or, as the heralds of thy word,
Throughout the earth reveal them,
And so proclaim thy wisdom.
- 5 When *we* regard thy present ways,
There's much in myst'ry shrouded :
Thou lookest through unnumber'd days,
With Thee, is nothing clouded.
What's dark to us shall yet be plain,—
That thou hast all directed
In righteousness—be fully seen,
And light, from all reflected,
Shall show abroad thy glory.
- 6 Remind us of thy searching eye,
Whene'er temptation rises ;
Lest we, with hypocrites, apply
To false and vain disguises :
Beneath thy gentle cheering light,
Imbue us with thy spirit ;
That, ne'er asham'd of what is right,
The wrong—we more may fear it,
And walk with God sincerely.

9 * GOD'S WONDERS IN THE DEEP.

- STRANGE at first, in glory closes
What the God of grace proposes,
Guiding by his mighty hand :
We, aghast, its progress viewing,
Skill divine completes the doing,
While we cry—"Where will it end?"
- 2 Well may wonders be expected
Where God's wisdom has directed
For his glory and our need.
Though at first all ills seem blended,
Comes at last the good intended,
Onward by these evils led.
- 3 When his path is on the ocean,
Mid the tempest's wild commotion,
There no eye his feet can trace :
So, our sea of troubles guiding,
God his way from us is hiding ;
We no longer own his grace.
- 4 In that gulf that ever rages,
Where the surge with surge engages,—
In the gloomy sea of Death,—
Saints themselves, with Death contending,
In their struggle none befriending,
Seem abandon'd to his wrath.
- 5 This to know—Who can attain it ?
Man to man can ne'er explain it,
Boasted Reason here is blind :

Shadows thick around us hover,
Till no light can we discover,
Nor God's way of wisdom find.

6 He, in clouds and darkness dwelling,
Bids us, ev'ry doubt repelling,
Walk by faith, and not by sight.
Fruitless all our restless sorrow,
Trust him now, and for the morrow,
Else *all hope* is sunk in night.

7 All thy way,—to God confide it,
None so well knows how to guide it,
End, beginning—all be his.
All that He begins,—when ended,—
Shall with praises be commended,—
Strange, but glorious in our eyes.

8 Though with fears he may confound thee,
Rushing torrents roaring round thee,
While on high his thunders roll :
Oft o'er frightful cliffs may lead thee,
Fire and storm each step impede thee,
Terrors shake thy wond'ring soul :—

9 Never let thy fears oppress thee,
Look to God e'en yet to bless thee,
Trust his wisdom and be still :
He so guides that He will show it,
And, ere long, thyself shalt know it,
“ *God alone doth all things well.*”

- 10 Nor from others then conceal it,
 But with thankful joy reveal it,
 All abroad the tidings send!
 Lighten thus the heart of sadness,
 With the cheering shout of gladness—
“Strange beginning, glorious end!”
-

10

* GOD'S WAYS WONDERFUL.

“WONDROUS ways is GOD pursuing,
 Hid to us his sov'reign will ;
 But 'tis glorious—all he's doing,
 So his finish'd work will tell :
 Whom he loves—he chastens too,
 This with him is nothing new :
 Weeping, trust him still, nor waver,—
 Sorrows, bless'd, evince his favor.

- 2 Think when former days were dreary ;
 From the past be wisdom learn'd ;
 Gloomy fears, to prospects cheery,
 Were by God in mercy turn'd :
 While thy sins upon thee lay,
 Oft didst thou in anguish say—
“Sinking, I must hopeless perish ;”
 But wast spar'd bright hopes to cherish.

- 3 God abides ! Beware of taking
 Him like fickle man to be,

Choosing now, and now forsaking !
How can God abandon thee ?
He, with more than father's care,
Watches all he lets thee bear ;
Than the love which mothers render,
His to thee is far more tender.

- 4 Call to mind what He has spoken,
Swearing by himself, has said ;
Can *his* word and oath be broken ?
Firm the cov'nant He has made ;
Earth and skies may pass away,
But the truth of God shall stay :
Resting on this sure foundation,
Never doubt of his salvation.
- 5 Though his promise has not told thee
When and *how* thy help shall come ;
Trust his care !—it will uphold thee,—
Give to fear and doubt no room !
He thy heart would fully try
Whether thou wilt yet rely,
And, while troubles round thee gather,
Own him still thy gracious Father.

- 6 He will quicken thy devotion
Which thou mournest o'er as dead ;
Raise thy love to glad emotion,
After all thy cares are fled.
Then will Jesus, too, thy Lord,
With his smiles thy thanks reward,

And thy faith and hope increasing,
Crown thy soul with ev'ry blessing.

7 Leave it then to God's direction!

Wait His time to bring relief!
He will be thy sure protection,
Known to him is all thy grief:
Their devices well he knows,
And will disappoint thy foes;
He their conqueror will make thee,
Never—never will forsake thee."

8 Jesus, now accept my praises!

Trusting, I have found thee true;
Earth its storm before me raises,
But thy grace can bear me through:
Thou, my confidence, be near,
I will never yield to fear:
All my trials work thy pleasure,
Swelling my eternal treasure.

J. WEISSENBORN, 1680, on occasion of his wife's illness.

11

‘ THE WORD OF GOD.

I TRUST the LORD, Upon his word
I rest my soul's well-being:
My walk with thee, LORD, here must be
By faith, and not by seeing.

2 Thy word is sure, May it secure
My confidence forever!

Let Reason's pride Ne'er be my guide
From faith my soul to sever.

3 What but thy word Could light afford,
To save from doubt and error?
Where else is shown, Than here alone,
Escape from guilt and terror?

4 'Tis here made plain, —Sought else in vain—
The soul is ever-living:
For endless days, Of future praise,
That thou this life art giving.

5 The only scheme Man to redeem
From death, sin's fearful wages,
Would lie conceal'd, But as reveal'd
In these thy sacred pages.

6 And now shall grief Hope no relief,
My soul sink down despairing?
No!—here I see Thy grace for me
A father's love declaring.

7 By faith to live, Its fruits to give,—
This is the path to heaven:
All strength and skill To do thy will
But through thy word are given.

8 Teach me, O Lord, To prize thy word,
This gift of matchless favor:
Be it my wealth, Be it my health,
My strength and life forever!

12 * THE TREE WITH GOLDEN FRUIT.

UPON a hill there stands a tree
 Where golden fruit is found,—
 'Tis meant for ev'ry land to see,
 It shines for all around.
 Here many come by day and night,
 Its gold their fond pursuit ;
 They shake its branches with delight,
 And bear away the fruit.

2 And yet its riches always stay,
 The tree is never bare ;
 Whatever fruit is borne away,
 As much still glitters there.
 "What is its name?—and Where its place ?
 "How can this wonder be ?
 "Who now will tell us?—Who can guess?"—
The BIBLE is that tree.

C. G. BARTH, b. 1799.

13 * KNOWLEDGE OF GOD FROM HIS WORD.

IN glory bright, O God, thou dwellest,
 On which no mortal eye can look ;
 Yet all we need to know thou tellest
 In clear instructions of thy book,—
 Both what thou art, and, in thy plan,
 What hopes and fears should govern man.

2 Be then this volume, through life's stages,
 My light to shine in darkness here ;

And, when I meditate its pages,
To aid me, with thy grace be near !
To learn and practice all thy will,
Let eye and heart be open still !

- 3 Thy word—O may I so believe it,
That it shall be my spirit's food !
But error—let me not receive it,
And rob my soul of endless good !
Nor scoffers drive my heart astray,
Nor sceptic doubts impede my way !
- 4 To know thee—'tis a pledge of heaven !
Now help me, Father, that both Thee
And Him whom thou for us hast given,
I *here* may learn by faith to see,
As thy unerring truth has taught,
Till to *thy glory* I am brought.

- 5 And as my knowledge shall be growing,
May I in heart and life improve ;
The kindred graces brighter glowing,
My faith, my rev'rence, and my love :
The more I comprehend thy will,
May it promote a purer zeal !

- 6 For, What though knowledge be expanding,
Unless to higher love it train ?
What aids me light of understanding,
If yet an evil heart remain ?
Guide then my will by what is true,
That I thy service may pursue.

- 7 To know thee, LORD, O may it ever
 On earth my spring of comfort be,
 That, when my soul and body sever,
 I may rejoice through faith in thee,—
 Then, see thee in full glory shown,
 And know thee as myself am known.

BENJ. SCHMOLKE, d. 1737.

14

THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

- THE holy law and gospel, both
 From God himself proceeded,
 And in the scheme of christian truth,
 They both alike are needed :
 While yet there is diversity
 That's clearly seen by ev'ry eye
 Enlighten'd by the Spirit.
- 2 The *Law's* great rule of what is due,
 Our conscience well might show it,
 —That *love to God and neighbor too*,
 Immutably we owe it :—
 But that in love our God should give
 His Son to die that we might live,—
 He only could reveal it.
- 3 The *Law* makes all our duty plain,
 Its kind and measure traces :
 The *Gospel* tells how to obtain
 From God his needed graces :

By *that*, what we should do is shown,
By *this*, what God for us has done ;
This mercy speaks,—*that*, judgment.

4 The *Law*, 'tis true, speaks of reward,
But we can ne'er attain it,
Since none, without a full regard
To all the law, can gain it :
The *Gospel* gives its promis'd good
To those who trust the Savior's blood,
And humbly own the ransom.

5 Where'er the *Law* the sinner finds,
It pierces him with sorrows :
His wounds the gracious *Gospel* binds,—
Hence he his healing borrows :
That threatens death, the curse for sin ;
This tells how endless life to win
Through sufferings of Jesus.

6 By *that*, our misery is known,
This comfort is declaring ;
That casts the stoutest sinner down,
This raises the despairing :
That points and urges on to death,
While *this* restores the fainting breath,
And brings the soul to heaven.

7 The *Law* fit message will afford
To those who conscience stifle ;
Who dream of merit and reward,
While yet with sin they trifle :

The soothing balm of *gospel* grace
Will find its meet and welcome place
With souls sin-sick and broken.

- 8 The destin'd aim of *Law* attain'd,
Its terrors all are ceasing :
Its thunders and its curses end,
When man seeks *gospel* blessing.
The cross of Jesus hope revives,—
Who looks to this for mercy, lives ;—
His peace shall be abiding.

- 9 May *Law* and *Grace* on ev'ry heart,
Make each its due impression ;—
When fear and grief have done their part,
Let faith then take possession :
Of vengeance may the dread alarms
Bring all to hide within the arms
Of our dear Lord and Savior.

- 10 O grant us, LORD, through gospel faith,
Thy strength for holy living :—
As children then, not fearing wrath,
Thy Law our rule receiving,
Will we, by grace, thy ways pursue,
Will honor law and gospel too,—
Believing, and obeying.

ON THE SOUL.

MAN were better nam'd *a spirit*,—
 Would I call this body "*I*"?
 'Tis, of that I shall inherit,
 But the seed ;—and soon will die.
 For, as grain corrupting lies
 Fruit to yield, the body dies,
 That from it, as blade from kernel,
 One may spring to life eternal.

2 God ne'er form'd our soul—no, never !
 Here to last some fleeting hours,
 It was form'd to live forever
 And disclose its noble powers ;—
 Form'd for holy joys on high,
 Man—the soul—will never die.
 Save us, LORD, lest boundless mercies
 Change by sin to endless curses !

CARE FOR THE SOUL.

LORD, on the soul's enduring worth,
 As in thy sacred word set forth,
 So fix my deep reflection :
 That care for its eternal weal
 Shall ev'ry other care excel,
 And rule my constant action.

2 Thyself hast for its int'rests car'd,—
 For it what joy hast thou prepar'd,

- Riches of grace expending !
Thine image, which at first it bore,
In all its brightness to restore,
Thy Son in mercy sending.
- 3 Superior to such life as this,
Design'd for pure and endless bliss,
In flesh 'tis here in training,—
That exercise of faith and love
May nurture it for joys above,
Where Jesus now is reigning.
- 4 Thou 'rt ready, to thy promise true,
Life's fleeting cares to guide it through,
And for thy glory cherish ;—
O let me not, by unbelief,
Condemn this soul, in hopeless grief,
Beneath thy wrath to perish.
- 5 LORD, to thyself in cov'nant join
My soul :—be thy sure mercies mine,
My trust in thee unshaken !
This is my pray'r, and this my aim,—
O may I never know the shame
Of cov'nant vows forsaken.
- 6 In thee the wicked have no part ;—
Create in me an humble heart,
That feels for sin abhorrence ;
That for its guilt before thee mourns,
But to thy grace in Jesus turns
With hope and full concurrence.

7 Throughout my course, in all its length,
May I, LORD, strengthen'd with thy strength,
Strive for that crown of glory
Which thou hast set before my eyes,—
While earth's fair promises I prize
But as an idle story.

8 How blest the faithful, none can show ;
Sweet peace and joy their portion now,
Imparted by thy Spirit :
And, when th' appointed hour is come,
Thou wilt to glory take them home,
Thy kingdom to inherit.

J. S. DIETERICH, d. 1797.

Now one in health Death, instant, crushes,—
Ye sleepers, wake ! your danger see !
A shudder through your spirits rushes,
The shudder of eternity.
Nor without cause your spirits quake,
God's midnight thunder cries—"Awake !"

2 This sudden death—to you it preaches,
And, with a deep and solemn tone,—
"Behold !"—it says—"God's vengeance reaches
And casts the highest, strongest down."
Wake, sinners ! and again, awake !
The thunder rolls, on you may break.

- 3 This brother came,—he saw,—departed,—
More of him scarcely can be said :
Now sighs and groans, by anguish started,
And clouds are hov'ring o'er the dead.
O what a fall !—from one and all
Wonder extorts—“ *O what a fall !* ”
- 4 In health and dead !—in sin, too, dying !
By call of God, in anger spoke,
Swift as the flash of heaven flying,
And awful as its thunder-stroke,
He's plung'd, from heights of earthly bliss,
Into eternity's abyss.
- 5 “ In health and dead ! ”—the thought still urges
Upon the soul :—“ in health and dead ! ”
Thought, troubled as the ocean's surges,
And, as the sweeping whirlwind, dread :
“ In sin and dead ! ”—O 't is a dart,
That pierces through the tortur'd heart.
- 6 Yes !—fearful too as roar of ocean,
Its foaming waves by tempest driven,
Will be the sinner's wild commotion,
Cut off in sin, no warning giv'n,
By single step, without a thought,
From time to retribution brought.
- 7 Now, sinner, think, and timely tremble !
This fearful doom still threatens thee :
Few, in their time of need, resemble
The thief who sigh'd—“ Remember me ! ”

Nor is it ev'ry one that dies,
Who e'en a wish for mercy sighs.

- 8 God many means of death is sending,
Not always sickness, plague, or war,
Nor earthquake,—rocks and mountains rending,
Nor storm,—its fury spreading far,
Nor lightning,—nor the raging flood :
'T is oft a mote,—or drop of blood.

- 9 Save, LORD !—O may the fear of dying
Make all these sinners fear to sin !
Let none of them in death be lying,
Before thy service they begin.
For death they're *ripe*, alas ! 't is true,—
Fit them for death, and judgment too !

- 10 We prostrate fall, and would implore thee,
That we, O LORD, thy grace may meet ;
Crush not in wrath poor worms before thee
That creep in dust beneath thy feet.
In pity spare us !—we, that call,
Are for thy vengeance far too small.

- 11 But no ! though weak and ill deserving,
In thy regard our worth is high ;
Since thy own Son, thy pleasure serving,
To save us, gave himself to die,
And shed that blood which cries to heav'n—
“ *Let man in mercy be forgiv'n !* ”

- 12 Now, Jesus,—while of this our brother
The open'd grave we're call'd to see,
May each reflect—"Soon, too, another
"Shall op'ning wait to cover me."
And be this solemn warning bless'd
To fit our souls with thee to rest.
-

18 SINNERS WARNED IN VIEW OF JUDGMENT.

- How sad will be the sinner's part !
How dreadful in the bearing !
The pangs of conscious guilt his heart
With nameless tortures tearing,—
When, to the truth at last awake,
The trump of God on him shall break
With voice of awful thunder.
- 2 His day of grace forever gone,
Spent all his hours of gladness,
Replete with sinful joys alone,
—These joys are turn'd to sadness,—
Eternity now makes it plain
The LORD has threaten'd naught in vain,
Nor vengeance always slumbers.
- 3 Where now is ev'ry earthly good
In which his soul delighted ?
Where now that pride and hardihood
Which ev'ry warning slighted ?
His guilty heart with terror quails,

His courage, all his boasting fails,—
Transform'd to shame and anguish.

- 4 Now curses fall upon his head
From those his guidance rueing ;
They, whose wrong passions he has fed,
Charge him with their undoing :
While ev'ry art he has employ'd,
And ev'ry good he has destroy'd,
Pass fearfully before him.
- 5 He hears the righteous Judge proclaim—
“ Depart, thou evil-doer ! ”
No more can he excuses frame,—
Conscience is his pursuer :
Cast out from God, where'er he goes,
He feels—this sharpens all his woes—
“ The doom is just, though dreadful ! ”
- 6 His tortur'd soul may wish—'t is vain !—
Reversal of the sentence ;
Remorse—add torment to his pain,—
No room now for repentance ;
'T were vain from falling hills to crave,
For his despair, a shelt'ring grave
In dark annihilation.
- 7 Turn, careless sinners, flee in haste
To Him who can relieve you !
Your term of grace no longer waste,
Nor let your hearts deceive you
To think—“ there yet is time to spare ; ”

The day of doom to you is near
With all its retributions.

- 8 Whether ye cavil, or believe,
 'T will come—what God hath spoken ;
To Death should He commission give,
 At once your dreams are broken.
Now mercy waits,—but short its stay,—
Secure its blessings while you may,
 And be prepar'd for judgment !

J. C. GROT, d. 1800.

19 SCOFFERS CONFOUNDED AT THE JUDGMENT.

HE that once came as suff'ring man,
To perfect Mercy's wondrous plan,
 Will come, as Judge descending ;
Nor long his coming be delay'd,
In glorious majesty display'd,
 Angels their Lord attending.
Ye careless world, in time prepare,
Nor put the evil day afar.

- 2 “ Why, LORD, so long thy judgment stay ?
“ Why slack thy promise ? ”—scoffers say,—
 Braving the final sentence.
’Tis—Hear it, sinners, who presume
Thus to deride the solemn doom,—
 That you may find repentance.
But if in sin you persevere,
Too soon you’ll find the Judge is here.

- 3 And when he comes in glory bright,
You'll see, with trembling and affright,
The horrors that abide you :
And Will you then God's terrors brave ?
Nor sea nor mountain, death nor grave,
From his dread wrath can hide you.
Then, Mercy's day forever gone,
O'er you will Justice rule alone.
- 4 When fearfully his thunders sound,
His trumpet-blasts are pealing round,
Earth's deep foundations shaking :
The pillars of a sinking world,
With sudden crash, in ruins hurl'd,
His foes with terror quaking ;—
Then, dragg'd to meet the Judge's view,
Scoffers believe, and tremble too.
- 5 Repentance ?—Hope ?—'t is then too late ;—
And none succeed, by pride or hate,
Themselves 'gainst God to harden :
Ye, who your sins so fondly prize,
While mercy waits, in time be wise,
Seek now his gracious pardon,—
Lest ye shall curse yourselves at last,
When ev'ry hope of pardon's past.
- 6 Great day !—of days the most sublime,
Thou teachest us the worth of time,
In voice of many thunders.
Sinners, provoke not, to his face,

Your God, so wonderful in grace,
 Of wrath to haste his wonders,—
 When you must sink in dark despair,
 While saints shall endless glory share.

- 7 My soul is fill'd with trembling dread,
 No claims to favor can I plead,
 Guilty I stand before thee :
 Still, when thy sentence I shall hear,
 May I among thy saints appear,
 Forever to adore thee !
 For, Jesus, thou canst sinners save,
 And now thy mercy, Lord, I crave.

G. B. FUNK, d. 1814.

20

SELF-EXAMINATION.

- IMPART, O LORD, thy light!
 I am to self a stranger :
 Show me myself aright !
 I know, whate'er the cause,
 I am not as I was ;
 For now I deeply feel
 All with me is not well.
- 2 Content with form and show,
 I had no fear of trouble
 In seasons past ;—but now
 Thick sorrows on me crowd,
 Myself a weary load,

What lately cheer'd my heart
Can no relief impart.

- 3 No outward source of pain.
Excites desponding sorrow,
Or leads me to complain;
Many and kind my friends,
No foe my peace offends,
My frame, as I desire,
In health and strength entire.
- 4 O no !—'t is grief of soul,
And from within arises,
Refusing all control.
'T is this, the anxious thought—
That yet I know it not—
If I am truly thine,
And, Jesus, thou art mine.
- 5 The things are far from one,—
To be—and call'd—a Christian.
I know that he alone
Is worthy of the name,
Who, by thy strength, shall tame
His darling lusts,—and lives
To Him who mercy gives.
- 6 It were but self-deceit,
If we the thought should cherish—
That gospel-claims are met,
And *faith* is prov'd sincere,
If we from crimes are clear

Which men of heathen name
Would shun through fear of shame.

7 He only Christ puts on,
Who is of self divested ;
Who cannot trust his own
Virtue, or strength, or will,
Or wealth, or rank, or skill,
But, these renouncing; prays—
“Jesus, direct my ways!”

8 Thus speaks the voice of faith,
In earnest supplication,—
“Save, Jesus,—save from wrath!
“My Lord, Redeemer, Shield,
“I to thy guidance yield,—
“Thou art my only trust,—
“O save a sinner lost!”

9 Who fails this truth to know,
Is still to faith a stranger,—
Of God remains the foe:
His *hope*, built on the sand,
Cannot the trial stand ;
Our safety's only ground
Is in free mercy found.

10 The fear, LORD, troubles me—
Lest I in *love* am wanting ;
Lest what I feel for thee—
Deceptive, hollow, faint,—
Makes but *almost* a saint,

And leaves the world supreme
Above thy sacred name.

- 11 My heart, approach the test !
'T is time it were decided,
I else can find no rest :
Say to the world—" Away !
" Away, my sins !"—but say
To Christ—" Thou art alone
" My joy !"—or nothing's done.
- 12 Poor worm !—wouldst thou refuse
The King thy cheerful homage
By whom creation rose ?
Wilt thou resist *His* call
Who is the All in all ?
Who his own world sustains,
Supreme forever reigns ?
- 13 What else may pass away
That's found in earth or heaven,
Himself unchang'd will stay,
With pow'r to curse or save.
Before us is the grave,
But thence He'll call his friends
To bliss that never ends :
- 14 While they, who here below
Neglect his great salvation,
Must sink in endless wo,
Far from the blest abode
Of them who love their God,

To wail in hopeless grief,
Where none can give relief.

- 15 He waits,—make no delay,
Take now his offer'd mercy,
My soul,—and to him say—
“Flesh, spirit, time, estate,
“My all I consecrate,
“No more to call them mine,
“But, LORD, forever thine.

- 16 “Do what thou wilt with me,
“Only make me a vessel
“Of praise to honor thee!
“That I, by faith and love,
“May seek thy joys above,
“And there to Jesus raise
“My song of endless praise!”
-

21

LIVING WATERS.

THE FOUNTAIN FLOWS !—its waters—*all* are needing,
Come, thirsty soul, nor perish in thy pride !
Come, take the waters from the throne proceeding !
So cry the Lamb, the Spirit, and the bride.
Come !—nothing bars the way,
And drink as thou shalt choose,
There is no price to pay :
The Fountain flows !

- 2 The Fountain flows ! With hearts and hands be ready,
Ye sons of want, the proffer'd boon to meet !
The sinner's friend, the helper of the needy,
Your thither course will with his favor greet :
The waters each may take
Who now his mis'ry knows ;—
Who longs—'t is for his sake
The Fountain flows.
- 3 The Fountain flows ! Thank God, the fullest measure
Of grace and pow'r here meets our utmost need,
Now, sinner, would thou ever share its pleasure,
Haste, like the panting roe, with earnest speed ;
Draw to the waters near
Where thirst and languor close.
With waters sweet and clear
The Fountain flows.
- 4 The Fountain flows ! Then take the healing offer'd,
Ye heirs of wretchedness, to all your grief ;
From hopeless evils you so long have suffer'd,
Ye weary souls, accept a free relief !
No bolts, with vengeance rife,
Shall here your way oppose ;—
'T is nam'd the "*Fount of life.*"
The Fountain flows !
- 5 The Fountain flows ! Let devils rage with madness,
Let sink in ruin all the world beside,—
Still Zion, crown'd with never ending gladness,
Shall with her fount of saving-health abide.

God guards her walls from fear,
 And his deliv'rance shows;—
 Her God is ever near.
 The Fountain flows!

- 6 The Fountain flows! for all a fount of healing:
 He's blest, for whom it shall not flow in vain!
 Who drinks—a well of water never failing
 In him, to endless life, it shall remain.
 For, whoso tries its pow'r
 From thirst shall now repose,
 And ne'er be thirsty more.
 The Fountain flows!

J. C. L. ALLENDORF, d. 1778.

22

CALL TO SINNERS.

HASTEN, ye who wish his favor,
 And now in Jesus put your trust,—
 Lest, failing of his love forever,
 Your souls be number'd with the lost.
 Redeem the time,—there's none to spare,—
 And for eternity prepare! •Hasten!

- 2 Haste!—ye who have idly wander'd
 Year after year in paths of sin;
 Enough of life is madly squander'd,
 Strive *now* eternal life to win.
 To-day, for mercy there is room,—
 Who knows what may to morrow come? Hasten!

- 3 Hasten, all your sins forsaking,
The least of them is far too great ;
And, of his holy grace partaking,
Like Jesus every evil hate !
Who sins against the truth he knows,
Prepares his soul for endless woes. Hasten !
- 4 Hasten now, to Jesus going,
Rich stores of good in him abound :
Why should the fount in vain be flowing
For you, where endless life is found ?
You live, and still the way is free,—
In this your pledge of welcome see ! Hasten !
- 5 Haste !—the Spirit, proff'ring mercies,
Now calls you and will give his aid ;
The season lost will leave its curses,—
Let not a moment's loss be made !
If now his call you disregard,
His voice may never more be heard. Hasten !
- 6 Haste, while entrance yet is offer'd !
Death soon will ever bar the way :
No license for delay is suffer'd,
Then hasten while 't is call'd to-day !
For, if to-morrow you should cry
For help,—no helper may be nigh. Hasten !
* * * * *
- [7 Hasten, Jesus, we implore thee,
And show these sinners now thy grace !
Prepare them, Lord, to come before thee,

And there forever sing thy praise !
Blest time ! when all the world shall sing
The praises of their Savior-King,—Hasten !]

J. A. LEHMUS, d. 1788.

23

* GOSPEL INVITATION URGED.

- “COME HITHER,” says the Son of God,
“Whoever loathe sin’s weary load,
“And would no longer bear it ;
“Come hither, young and old, in me,
“One knowing well your ruin,—see,
“Whose grace, too, can repair it.
- 2 “My yoke is mild, my burden light,
“And all, who choose its easy weight,
“Their souls from Hell deliver :
“I’ll give them strength when theirs would fail,
“And by my strength they shall prevail,
“Exulting in the Giver.
- 3 “My patient wrongs, my life and word,
“Let these secure your fix’d regard,
“Then emulate their measure.
“What you may think, or say, or do,
“Is neither safe, nor good, nor true,
“But as it seeks my pleasure.”
- 4 The world may wish the bliss to gain,
Without the cross, reproach, and pain
Of which they hear the warning :

It cannot be ! *The cross is there,*
And they must choose its shame to bear,
Or endless shame and mourning.

- 5 Man boasts, to-day, what'er can please,
To-morrow, sickens with disease,
And next—behold he's dying !
Then, like the blossom's fading bloom,
To him Earth's glory sinks in gloom,
Its hopes in ruin lying.
- 6 The world are all afraid of death,
And each, when gasping now for breath,
First thinks a wish for heaven.
He toil'd for this, he toil'd for that,
But his poor soul he quite forgot,
While life on earth was given.
- 7 At last, when he must surely die,
He lifts his loud and anxious cry,
To God makes forc'd surrender :—
I sadly fear—God's slighted grace,
That sought so long in vain a place,
No mercy now will tender.
- 8 No *wealth* can buy an hour's delay,
Youth pleads in vain for longer stay,
His joys and he must sever.
Though eyes around with pity flow,
Death has no pity to bestow,—
Farewell to earth forever !

- 9 The wise deplore their useless skill,
For nobles—vain their prince's will,—
To dust they all are tending.
Alas for them who here have found
Their portion, seeking naught beyond :
Their death is woe unending.
- 10 But who your God in Jesus love,
Who piety in heart approve,
Let not your souls be troubled !
Confide in Jesus!—and his smile
Will ev'ry anxious fear beguile,—
Your hopes by joys be doubled.
- 11 Requite not evil deeds in wrath,
Pursue in love the narrow path,
Leave to the world their scorning !
In trusting God there is no loss,
Shrink not from bearing Jesus' cross,—
'T will prove your best adorning.
- 12 Yes—could the flesh indulge its mood
In pleasure, pomp, and worldly good,
Your love full soon would waver :
In mercy sending earthly cares,
By chast'ning, God the soul prepares
To greet his endless favor.
- 13 But seems your cross too much to bear ?
Then think of Hell,—its dark despair,—
Of scoffers thither hasting :

Its flame eternal griefs supplies,
 'Mid wails and curses, groans and sighs,—
 Its fuel never wasting.

- 14 While you,—the day is near at hand,—
 With Jesus shall in glory stand ;
 —A thought 'twere well to ponder ;—
 No voice or notes of joy can tell
 What pleasures *there* your souls shall swell
 With ever-growing wonder.

- 15 For, what the God of changeless truth
 Confirms by promise and by oath,
 Must come,—and you shall see it.
 Whoso will trust his proffer'd grace
 Shall in his kingdom find a place
 Through Jesus Christ. *So be it !*

HANS WITZSTAEDT, 1528.

Sinners, pray !—for mercy pleading,—
 Why, in reach of mercy, die ?
 Saints, extol the grace that's leading
 You to seek the joys on high !

To die—'t is ourselves that perversely would choose it,
 Salvation—our hearts with contempt would refuse it :
 Our choice was to die,—but God chose we should live,—
 O Love, that to sinners such mercy would give !

2 Them that oft provoke his curses,
 And his threaten'd vengeance brave,
 God, a sov'reign in his mercies,
 Can by sov'reign mercy save.
 To save—God has shown it to be his good pleasure,
 By yielding his Son to the curse,—who the measure
 Of vengeance endur'd, though his life's blood it cost :—
 O Love, that could seek and so rescue the lost !

3 Pity 'bove conception rising,
 Can our God such pity show ?
 Show to them his love despising ?
 Well may we in wonder bow.
 And if we confide in our God who has will'd it,
 In Jesus, our Saviour and Lord, who fulfill'd it,
 With saints shall we sing, who encircle the throne,
 “ O Love, thy best doings for *sinner*s are done ! ”

P. F. HILLER, d. 1769.

25

REPENTANCE.

REPENT !—nor still delay
 From one year to another :
 Death may, at any hour,
 Blast all thy hopes together :
 And, after death, will God
 His wrath for sin display ;
 O sinner, think of this !
 Repent, without delay !

- 2 Repent!—nor still delay
Till life's late sands are gliding :
Thou canst not know that age
Will find thee here abiding :
Life now its light affords,
But short its longest day—
Ere noon how often quench'd !
Repent, without delay !
- 3 Repent!—nor still delay
Till on a death-bed lying :
Is this a work to do
When panting, struggling, dying ?
What pains and fears will then
Thy trembling soul dismay !
Break *now* the cords of sin !
Repent, without delay !
- 4 Repent!—nor still delay
Till youthful joys are ended :
Why should thy prime of life
In folly be expended ?
The young die too, and then
Who shall God's judgment stay ?
Be wise while yet there's time !
Repent, without delay !
- 5 Repent!—no more delay !
All hope will soon be over,—
Let sin's deceit no more
From thee thy ruin cover !

Whoso the flesh, and world,
And Satan will obey,
Must hopeless sink to hell :
Repent, without delay !

- 6 Repent !—no more delay !
While space to thee is suffer'd,
Let pray'r before thy God,
With grief for sin, be offer'd.
If thus, in Jesus' name,
For grace thou wilt not pray,—
Thy soul's forever lost.
Repent, without delay !

- 7 Repent !—no more delay !
Live now for God and heaven !
Avow, with heart sincere,—
“My all to God is given :—
“On Jesus rests my hope,
“He is my only stay !”
How blest would be thy soul !
Repent, without delay !
-

Bow thine ear, I now implore thee,
Sov'reign of the earth and skies,
Hear the pray'r I bring before thee,
While my soul in anguish lies.

'T is my guilt oppresses me,
Self-condemn'd, I come to thee,
And, with grief my sins confessing,
Seek thy pardon and thy blessing.

2 All the weary heavy-laden,—
Such to thee are ask'd to come ;—
Surely then I'm one that's bidden,
And for me there must be room.
Mercy's door is open still ;
God in mercy can, and will
Hide my sins that so distress me,
And with pard'ning grace will bless me.

3 All thy word abides unbroken,
Safe the hope encourag'd there :
Who, if not thyself, has spoken—
“ Seek my face ! ” ? With humble pray'r,
Now thy face, Lord, do I seek,
And implore of thee to break
Sin's control :—thy Spirit sending,
Keep me from my God offending !

4 See, too ! Is it not recorded
By thy hand, beneath mine eye,—
“ As I live,”—yes, so 'tis worded,—
“ I've no wish that sinners die,
“ But that they their sins should mourn,
“ And from all their evil turn,—
“ Thus should humbly seek my favor,
“ And with me should live forever.” ?

- 5 Thou art not one to deceive me,—
I thine oath of mercy plead ;
Here to die thou wilt not leave me,
Nor forsake me in my need,—
While with deepest grief I own,
I've disgrac'd the name of son,
Far from home and God have wander'd,
And thy gifts have basely squander'd.
- 6 What more would I now be saying,
If not, smiting on my breast,
With the publican be praying—
“LORD, 't is thou that knowest best
“All that I've offended thee,
“O have mercy upon me!”?
On thine arm of mercy falling,
“Mercy ! Mercy !”—I am calling.
- 7 Guilt of mine I'll not endeavor,
LORD, before thee to excuse,
Yet would hope thy pard'ning favor,—
Nor wilt thou the grace refuse.
What thy holiness demands
All is paid by Jesus' hands,
Who the perfect ransom offer'd,
While for sinners here he suffer'd.
- 8 Now, my God, the ransom owning,
Be thy wondrous mercy shown !
Jesus, for my sins atoning,
Has above to glory gone ;

He has wrought my full release,
 Hence alone I look for peace,
 Drawing, from his death of anguish,
 Life whose joys shall never languish.

- 9 Me, dear Savior, onward nourish !
 Be my soul's abiding food !
 Faith and love within me cherish,—
Here be thou my chosen good !
 Then, when life on earth is past,
 I shall rise to thee at last,
 And, with saints who bow before thee,
 Ever—ever—will adore thee.
-

- WHAT meanest thou my soul,
 In hopeless sorrow weeping :—
 Through consciousness of guilt,
 In fear and anguish keeping ?
 So grievous is the load
 Thy sins upon thee bind,
 That peace or comfort, none
 Thy troubled thoughts can find.
- 2 Full just is all the charge
 'Gainst thee by conscience spoken,
 Thy God thou hast despis'd,
 His holy law hast broken ;—
 Thy false and evil ways

Are open to his view ;—
Thou hast deserv'd to die—
'T is all, alas ! too true.

3 Thy sins have no excuse,—
And yet, Wilt thou receive it ?
God, in his word of truth,
Commands thee to believe it,—
That just as true and sure
As thy repented guilt,
So sure it is, that Christ
For thee his blood has spilt.

4 Though sinners he would save,
God's claims he well asserted ;
Did what we ne'er could do,
—Our wills are so perverted,—
The Law we had despis'd
He honor'd and obey'd,
Bore too its threaten'd curse,
And suffer'd in our stead.

5 And through his merits now,
Of God's mere sov'reign favor,
By faith we're justified,—
So that how deep soever
The wounds that sin inflicts,
They cannot deadly be,
Since Jesus, by his death,
From guilt has set us free.

- 6 Fears I may well dismiss,
 The power of Hell contemning ;
 Wilt thou still doubt, my soul,
Thyself to wrath condemning ?
 Yet God, who by his word
 Would all my fears relieve,
 Is greater far than thou,—
 His word cannot deceive.
- 7 Send now thy Spirit, Lord,
 With mercy and with power,
 That I, in hope and love,
May onward, upward tower :
 Since thou my soul hast wash'd
 From dead works by thy blood,—
 Give me by faith to live,
 And work the works of God !
- 8 Give strength, victorious King,
 That, in thy steps pursuing,
 Satan, the world, and flesh,
And all their rage, subduing,
 I too may vict'ry gain :
 Nor let my spirit dread
 The wrath my sins deserve,—
 For *I to sin am dead.*

28

FAITH.

WITHOUT true faith, O LORD,
None rightly comes before thee;
Our guilty doubts disperse—
We humbly would implore thee:
Establish in our hearts
The faith thou wilt approve,
'T is thine alone to give
The faith that works by love.

2 May we believe, O God,
That thou forever livest;
Nor suffer us to doubt,—
While help to all thou givest,—
But that thou wilt reward
With thy peculiar grace,
Those who are earnest now
To seek thy smiling face.

3 Thy word is ever sure;
Grant that, in this confiding,
Our hopes may ever be
Transforming, and abiding:
Grant, too, in joy or grief,
That, to thy guidance true,
Whate'er thy word directs
We steadily pursue.

4 Thy Son, in mercy sent
To die, for sin atoning,—

Him, as our Lord and God,
 With full reliance owning,
 May we with thanks receive
 The grace his blood has bought;
 And show our love to him,
 By doing what he taught.

- 5 To serve him with the heart,—
 Be this our great endeavor !
 Thus may we comfort find,—
 While, too, it shall deliver
 From servitude to sin,
 And give us strength to wage
 The war 'gainst ev'ry foe,
 Through all our pilgrimage.

- 6 What sacred peace and joy
 By faith to us are given !
 More glorious far the part
 Awaiting us in heaven.
There we shall *see* and *know*
 What here *believ'd* is bliss ;
 Nor sin, or fear, or doubt
 Shall mar our happiness.

J. J. RAMBACH, d. 1785.

To us salvation now is come,
 God's wondrous grace revealing ; .

Works never can avert our doom,
They have no pow'r of healing.
Faith looks to Gon's beloved Son,
Who has for us deliv'rance won—
He is our great Redeemer !

2 What Gon's most holy precept claims
No child of Adam renders,
And Sinai speaks, from cloud and flames,
The curse against offenders.
The flesh ne'er prompts those pure desires
That, 'bove all else, the law requires ;—
Relief by law is hopeless !

3 'T is then a vain 'delusive dream
That God the law has given,
That we thereby reward might claim,
And earn our way to heaven :
But 't is a glass, where we descry
How many sins in ambush lie,
And in our flesh are hiding.

4 By our own strength to put aside
Gon's wrath, and win his blessing,
The task, though many oft have tried,
Is but our guilt increasing :
For Gon hypocrisy abhors,
And flesh with goodness ever wars,—
'T is, in its nature, evil.

5 But all the Law must be fulfill'd,
Or sin receive its wages ;—

For this the Son—so God had will'd,—
In our behalf engages ;
He in the flesh the law obeys,
Its curse endures, the vengeance stays
Which over us impended.

6 With all the Law 't is now complied
By one could well obey it :
Each humble soul, now justified
By faith in him, may say it—
“ Yes, I receive thee, gracious Lord,
“ Thy death to me shall life afford,
“ For me is paid the ransom !

7 “ Here all excuse for doubt were vain,
“ Thy truth cannot deceive me,
“ And thou hast said,—in words so plain,
“ No room for doubt they leave me,—
“ ‘ Whoso shall humbly trust my name
“ ‘ To save his soul from guilt and shame,
“ ‘ Is heir of my salvation.’ ”

8 This faith—whose heart is right with God,
And he alone can know it ;
A faith whose light will shine abroad,
And pious deeds shall show it :
’Tis one God will himself approve,
A holy faith that works by love.
Art thou of God begotten ?—

9 Then by the Law will sin be shown,
Thy soul its guilt deploring,—

Till Grace too make her message known,
To hope thy soul restoring;
She says—"In Christ are sinners blest,
"In *Him*, not in the Law,—is rest;"—
Thus faith is wrought with power.

- 10 From faith in Jesus that is right,
Good works are always flowing;
False is the faith that shuns the light,
On works no care bestowing:
E'en if true faith alone could live,
It needs good works the proof to give
Of what is true and saving.
- 11 Hope, though deferr'd, let none destroy,—
God's promise never changes:
What day our hope shall end in joy—
Most wisely he arranges.
The fittest time to give—he knows,
And how that knowledge to disclose,—
With Him we well may leave it.
- 12 Nor when thy wishes may be cross'd,
Thy confidence give over;
E'en while thy good He seeks the most,
His purpose he may cover:
Though flesh and sense may oft repine,
His word of grace is ever thine,—
On this repose securely!
- 13 Now to the God of matchless grace,
To Father, Son, and Spirit,

We lift our highest songs of praise,
 Our praise his favors merit.
 All he has said, He will perform,
 And save us by his mighty arm,—
 Thy name, O LORD, be hallow'd !

14 Thy kingdom come ! thy will be done
 On earth as done in heaven !
 Give us our bread, each day its own !
 And be our sins forgiven
 As we forgive the wrongs we bear !
 Our weakness from temptation spare !
 From evil save !—So be it !

POLLANDER, i. e. Jno. Graumann, [D'Aubigne,] d. 1541.
 PAUL SPEERATUS, [A. Knapp,] d. 1554.

I AM redeem'd !—the purchase of that blood
 Which on the cross was shed :
 To God I'm reconcil'd,—my life renew'd,—
 My terrors all are fled.
 The scheme of mercy—Wisdom made it,—
 The costly ransom—Love has paid it.
 I am redeem'd !

2 I am redeem'd !—Nor can the thunder-roar
 Of Sinai yield alarm ;
 For me, the fearful curse my Savior bore,
 My soul it cannot harm.

Repented sins, would ye appal me?
To joy and thanks God's mercies call me!
I am redeem'd!

3 I am redeem'd!—My Savior broke the band
That chain'd me to the foe.
The keys of Hell were in his friendly hand,
He shut its portals to.
Now walk I free, secure of pardon;
From sin and Satan's weary burden
I am redeem'd!

4 I am redeem'd! What is there I should fear?
Death's gloom will beam with light;—
The Lord of life for me will then appear,
And lead to mansions bright.
And though in dust my dust shall slumber,
My sleeping dust will he remember.
I am redeem'd!

5 I am redeem'd—from guilt, and fear, and pain,
To joys that will abide;
And Death to me will prove eternal gain,—
With Jesus at my side.
Then shall I rise to share his favor
With saints who sing his praise forever.
I am redeem'd!

E. WAGNER, d. 1812.

31

* MAN'S RECOVERY.

COME, christians all, let us rejoice,
 Our hearts with rapture swelling,
 With grateful and united voice,
 Let all, in one, be telling
 The mercy God to us has shown,
 The work of wonder He has done :
 Full dear our joy was purchas'd !

- 2 To death devoted, long I lay
 A captive of the Devil,
 With fears tormented night and day,
 By birth a child of evil :
 O'er me yet sinking lower still,
 While thoughts and deeds increas'd the ill,
 Sin held its full dominion.
- 3 Good works!—of mine dar'd I to speak,—
 'T were vain—the proud assertion :
 My will was free the *law to break*,
 To keep it,—my aversion.
 My anguish drove me to despair,
 Where vengeance burns—my lot was there,
 And all escape was hopeless.
- 4 God pitied, from eternity,
 This mis'ry out of measure :
 He thoughts of mercy had for me,
 To save was his good pleasure.
 He show'd for me a father's heart,—

It was no cheap or easy part,—
His best it needs would cost him.

5 He spake to his beloved Son—

“’Tis come—the time appointed :

“Go thou, the brightness of my crown,

“Appear, the LORD’s anointed !

“To save the lost from endless wrath,

“First, die for them a shameful death !

“Then, share with them thy glory !”

6 The Son, obeying, sought the earth,

Was born of virgin mother,

Such was his love, he would by birth

Of man become the brother.

Full lowly here was his abode,

A faithful servant of his God—

The Devil he encounter’d.

7 Then charg’d my soul—“Trust now in me !

“And vict’ry—thou shalt gain it.

“Myself entire I give to thee,

“The struggle—I’ll sustain it :

“For I am thine, and thou art mine,

“To share my glory shall be thine,

“The foe shall not divide us.

8 “Fear not !—though, laying wait for blood,

“He should of life bereave me :

“All this shall work thy lasting good,—

“Though strange it seem, believe me !

“ O’er Death I yet shall vict’ry win,
 “ My righteousness shall hide thy sin,—
 “ In me is thy salvation !

9 “ From suff’ring here I soon shall go
 “ To reign with God in heaven ;
 “ But still a Savior’s care I’ll show,—
 “ The Spirit shall be given !
 “ He will thy soul from sorrow free,
 “ Will cheer with hope thy faith in me,
 “ And all my truth will teach thee.

10 “ Let what I’ve done, and what I’ve said,
 “ Direct thy word and living,
 “ That far my kingdom may be spread,
 “ To God new glory giving.
 “ Of what vain man would add, beware !
 “ Lest thou the sacred treasure mar :—
 “ Receive my last commission !”

M. LUTHER, d. 1546.

I now have found, for hope of heaven,
 An anchor-ground that firm will hold ;
 ’Twas through the cross of Jesus given,
 By God appointed from of old ;
 A ground that shall enduring stay,
 When earth and skies have pass’d away.

2 ’Tis God’s own *mercy*, never ending,
 Its measure all our thoughts exceeds ;

While Jesus too, his arms extending,—
Whose heart for guilty sinners bleeds,—
Now with compassion calls his foes
To flee from sin and endless woes.

- 3 And why should we be lost forever,
Since God to us commends his love?
His Son, with message of his favor,
Invites to holy joys above:
To win our hearts, as oft before,
He now is knocking at the door.
- 4 This love's a deep, our follies hiding;
The death of Christ—a matchless grace,
To life and peace our spirits guiding,
Where wrath no more shall find a place,
His blood for us is pleading still—
“*Let mercy all its work fulfill!*”
- 5 From this will I my comfort borrow,
With joy will trust my Savior's *plea*,
And, while for sin I deeply sorrow,
Now to the Father's pity flee,—
In Him will ever seek a friend
Whose grace in Christ will never end.
- 6 Of all beside were I forsaken
That could my soul or body cheer;
From me if joys of earth were taken,
If not a friend were left me here,—
One joy remains—the richest, best,—
For I with pard'ning love am bless'd.

- 7 Should earthly cares still gather round me,
And join'd with griefs should malice rise,
Together striving to confound me,
Or into sin my soul surprise,
Should sorrows high o'er sorrows swell,
Let Mercy smile, and all is well.
- 8 Whene'er I look my *doings* over,—
The best of all that I have done,—
Much wrong and weakness I discover,
And boasting is forever gone :
But in one thing I can confide,—
'Tis mercy,—and in naught beside.
- 9 He leads, and always will be nigh me,
Who has on me his mercy set ;
With all I need he will supply me,
Nor let my soul his grace forget :
What joys or sorrows may befall,
I'll trust his grace alike in all.
- 10 Upon this ground I will sustain me,
Long as the earth my dwelling prove ;
To serve my God and Savior train me,
Till, dying, I shall rise above,
And there, rejoicing, will adore
Unbounded mercy evermore.

33

HOPE IN GOD'S MERCY.

Psalm 130.

FROM deep distress to Thee I pray,
O Gon, hear my intreaty !
Turn not thy face from me away,
But show thy tender pity :
As Judge, should thou my deeds regard,
In justice weighing due award,
How could I stand the trial !

2 With thee should mercy not prevail
To show to man thy favor,
His ev'ry act his guilt would swell,
Vain were his best endeavor.
His goodness in its utmost length,
Reveals his utter want of strength,—
He must rely on *mercy*.

3 On Gon alone, and on his grace,
Can I securely rest me ;
He sees my heart, He heals distress,—
To Him, then, why not trust me ?
He owns a Father's name, and knows
The full amount of human woes—
On Him be my reliance !

4 Should comfort seem afar to keep,
I'll not sink down despairing ;
They who in godly sorrow weep
Shall find a gracious hearing :
Thus Christians do, and they are blest

In God, their confidence and rest,
Their comfort, and Redeemer.

- 5 Many and great my sins, I own,
But greater God's free mercies :
From wrath I flee to his dear Son,
Who bore for me its curses :
And He will be my Shepherd, too,
Will all my troubles guide me through,
To rest with him in glory.

M. LUTHER, d. 1546.

34 THE LOVE OF GOD THE CHIEF GOOD.

How could I wish a greater treasure,
Than that the God of love were mine ?
If all the world should wait my pleasure,
For this would I the world resign :
Yet, from his love, how many fleeing
Despise the fountain of well being !

- 2 Men hope elsewhere a good unchanging,
But wake and find their hopes a dream :—
Some, in the search, through earth are ranging,
But all their search deceives their aim :—
Some jeopard life in country's quarrels,
Yet gain at best but fading laurels.
- 3 Gives God no means his love of knowing ?—
Forget ye who your souls would save ?
Who, on the cross his life's blood flowing,

Such proofs of love for sinners gave?
 Are ye indeed still left in blindness
 How he has shown his loving-kindness?—

4 That He to earth came down from heaven,
 The God in human form reveal'd?
 What words of life by Him were given?
 How many by his grace were heal'd?
 And how, your endless good devising,
 He bore the curse, its shame despising?

5 Can ye, unmov'd, now hear this message,
 And proofs of love still ask for more?
 Nor to your hearts yield Him a passage,
 Who bars to you Hell's fearful door?
 Why not to him your souls surrender—
 To him your highest service tender?

6 Thou God of love, do thou receive me!
 Thou art my life, my hope, my all:
 Though worldly pleasures all should leave me,
 No loss would I their absence call;—
 Thou'lt make it gain,—and I before thee,
 Rejoicing, ever will adore thee.

35

SINNERS RECEIVED BY JESUS.

“*THIS man sinners doth receive!*”
 Well may we the saying ponder,
 Who in sin's delusions live,

And from God and heaven wander :—

This alone can hope revive—

“Jesus sinners doth receive !”

2 We deserve but grief and shame,—

Yet his words, rich grace revealing,

Pardon, peace, and life proclaim :

Here *their* ills have perfect healing

Who with humble hearts believe.

“Jesus sinners doth receive !”

3 As a faithful shepherd seeks

Sheep that stray from their inclosure ;

He, with eye that ever wakes,

Watches us in our exposure,

And, who will their wand'rings leave,

He has promis'd to receive.

4 Come, ye wand'rers, one and all,

Come, we all have invitation,—

Come, obey his gracious call,

Come and take his free salvation !

He has died that we might live.—

“Jesus sinners doth receive !”

5 Savior, now I come to thee :

Great my sins, a weary burden !

Wilt thou kindness show to me ?

Can I hope to find a pardon ?

I will trust: my soul relieve !

Me, a sinner, Lord receive !

6 Rich thy mercy!—strangely good!

O how oft have I offended!

But, through thy redeeming blood,

All my fear of wrath is ended:

Yes, I now can witness give,

“Jesus sinners doth receive!”

7 Now, though conscience be at rest,

Will the Law still urge its charges?

Who the Law has honor’d best,

He from guilt my soul enlarges;

Hence my comfort I derive,—

“Jesus sinners doth receive?”

8 “Jesus sinners doth receive!”

Happy in his ceaseless favor,

Here for heaven I will live,

Then shall live with him forever.

Joy in death these tidings give—

“Jesus sinners doth receive!”

E. NEUMEISTER, d. 1756.

36

* HELP ONLY IN JESUS.

IN the midst of life—is Death

Watching to ensnare us:

Who can guard us in our path?

From his terrors spare us?

’Tis thou, Lord, none beside thee.

Our many sins we deeply mourn,

From us the lurking mischief turn!

Most Holy Lord, our God !
Most Holy mighty God !
Most Holy merciful Redeemer !
Thou eternal God !
Leave us not to perish
In the cruel fangs of Death !
Shew us thy pity !

2 In the midst of Death—is Hell
Wide his jaws distending :
Who for us his rage can quell,
From our guilt defending ?
Thyself, O Lord,—none other.
Thy wondrous grace provides relief
From all our load of sin and grief.
Most Holy Lord, our God !
Most Holy mighty God !
Most Holy merciful Redeemer !
Thou eternal God !
Leave us not to tremble
At the dreadful rage of Hell !
Show us thy pity !

3 In the midst of Hell—Despair
Looks for endless sorrow :
Whither now for light repair ?
Hope whence can we borrow ?
From thee, Lord Jesus, only !
For thou hast shed thy precious blood,
And faith secures the purchas'd good.

Most Holy Lord, our God !
 Most Holy, mighty God !
 Most Holy merciful Redeemer !
 Thou eternal God !
 Leave us not despairing !
 Grant the comforts of thy faith !
 Show us thy pity !

M. LUTHER, d. 1546.

37

THE FATHER-LAND.

Know ye *the land*—on earth 'twere vainly sought,—
 To which the heart in sorrows turns its thought ?
 Where no complaint is heard,—tears never flow,—
 The good are blest,—the weak with vigor glow ?
 Know ye it well ?

For this, for this,
 All earthly wish or care, my friends, dismiss !

2 Know ye *the way*—the rugged path of thorns ?
 His lagging progress there the trav'ler mourns ;
 He faints, he sinks,—from dust he cries to God—
 “Relieve me, Father, from the weary road !”
 Know ye it well ?

It guides, it guides,
 To that dear land, where all we hope abides.

3 Know ye *that friend* ?—In him a man you see ;—
 Yet more than man, more than all men is He :

Himself, before us, trod *the path of thorns*,
To pilgrims now his heart with pity turns.
Know ye him well?

His hand, his hand
Will safely bring us to that Father-land.

CLAUS HARMS, b. 1778.

WHAT, without *thee*, would I have been?
Without thee, LORD, what should I be?
Before I had thy mercy seen,
No friend or hope appear'd for me.
What I desir'd I scarcely knew,
Upon the future darkness fell,
And, though my grief incessant grew,
To whom could I my sorrows tell?

- 2 With spirits sunk, and all alone,
The day to me was gloomy night:
Joyless I still was pressing on
Where others seem'd to have delight:
I vainly sought for peace abroad,
At home the prey of constant grief,—
How did I live without my God!
Endure so long without relief?
- 3 But thou hast brought thy mercy nigh,—
The purpose first was clearly thine;—
How soon the clouds of darkness fly,
When God commands his light to shine?

Till then my reason was debas'd,
But thou hast taught my soul to rise,
And what had been a dreary waste,
Blooms round me now a paradise.

- 4 Life, now, with halcyon days is crown'd,
The world breathes love and joy to me,
I find a balm for ev'ry wound,
My cheerful breast throbs full and free.
For this thy rich, unbounded grace,
My heart and pow'rs to thee are giv'n;
Here, 'mong thy friends grant me a place,
Till thou receive my soul to heav'n.

- 5 *There*, He in upper glory stands,
Whom, though unseen, we love below;
His varied grief for us demands
That grateful tears for him should flow;
That we our hearts should open wide
To all who love Immanuel's name,
Should pity those for whom he died,
And to the world his grace proclaim.

- 6 Now go ye forth in all the ways,
And hither bring poor wand'ers home,
Urgent resist their vain delays;
All now is ready,—bid them "*come!*"
'T is heav'n to be with us below,
By faith its glories *here* we see,—
But more than brightest faith can show
Shall *there* our endless portion be.

To THEE, Lord Jesus, now I come,
From mercy's door no longer roam,
But seek thy gracious pardon :
With load of sins my soul oppress'd
From sorrows cannot look for rest,
Till thou remove the burden.

I else must sink in dark despair,
And never hope *His* love to share
To whom the heavens are unclean—
An heir of death I must remain.

Lord Jesus Christ ! Thy mercy show ! :||:
And save me from eternal woe !

2 Sin's yoke, for me too heavy grown,
Now weighs my sinking spirit down—
Let, Lord, the yoke be broken !
O think—beneath sin's grievous load
Thy soul for mine to death was bow'd,
Think what thy mouth has spoken.

The guilt my sins upon me lay,—
Thy blood can wash it all away ;
For thy salvation now I plead,
Thy grace can meet my ev'ry need :—
Lord Jesus Christ, That grace fulfil, :||:
Nor yield me up to Satan's will !

3 Thou art my confidence alone,
Beside, no helper will I own,
Physician of my spirit !

None else can cheer the soul with faith :
 None else, by viet'ry over death,
 Can teach me not to fear it.
 My shield of strength, my port of rest,
 Thou rock and fortress of the blest,
 My Savior, my almighty friend,
 My hope of joys that never end—
 Lord Jesus Christ! Accept my faith, :||:
 Increase it till I sleep in death!

- 4 Henceforth my willing neek shall bear
 Whatever yoke thou placest there,
 Nor will its weight oppress me.
 Beneath it, I shall find my peace,
 And by it, while I grow in grace,
 My sorrows too shall bless me.
 When, passing through this vale of tears,
 I meet with trials and with fears,
 Fresh hopes from thee, their living source,
 Shall help me end with joy my course.
 Lord Jesus Christ, Alone thy love :||:
 Gives hope below, or joy above!

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, d. 1789.

I now have found abiding rest
 For which I long was sighing,
 Now, on my Savior's faithful breast
 My weary head is lying:

This is the place where sin, no more,
And Death and Hell alarm me :
I now am safe, by Jesus' pow'r,
From all that else would harm me.

- 2 He whispers me—"I'm wholly thine,
"And thou art mine forever ;
"Henceforth all fear and doubt resign,—
"Confiding in my favor !
"Thy ev'ry want shall find supply
"From my exhaustless treasures ;
"I'll fill thy spirit with my joy,
"The pledge of endless pleasures."

- 3 From Jesus and his love, Who now,
By terrors to divide me,
My great and many sins would show ?—
His wounds from vengeance hide me :
My sins are great,—I'll not despair,
Though conscience too arraigns me,
Nor doubt my Savior's watchful care—
His arm of love sustains me.

- 4 I thank thee, God's beloved Son,
Thy boundless grace adoring,
Which brought thee from thy glorious throne,
Our peace with God restoring.
O make my heart a shrine, where peace
Shall keep her constant dwelling :
Where grateful praise shall never cease,
Abroad thy glories telling.

41

SAFETY IN JESUS.

SINAI flames its awful wonders,—
How can I its terrors meet?
Where's a *Rock* that, from its thunders,
Yields a cleft of safe retreat?
Rock—thou none wilt find but Jesus,—
Such a cleft, his wounded side;—
There, no dread of wrath can seize us,—
Jesus bore our curse, and died.

2 Place of *Refuge*—where?—O tell me!
That my soul may thither fly,
Now that guilt and fear o'erwhelm me,
With the blood-avenger nigh.
Refuge?—there is none but Jesus,—
To his wounds for rescue turn!
He, from vengeance to release us,
Has the stroke of vengeance borne.

3 Wretched, naked, child of loathing,
Must I shame forever bear?
Where can I obtain me *clothing*,
And before my God appear?
Jesus' dying love can give it,—
Hence our robe of righteousness;
All by faith may now receive it,—
None could wish a richer dress,

4 But my crimes, of countless number,
—More than sands upon the shore,—

With their load my soul encumber ;—
What can meet the dreadful score ?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
This a perfect *ransom* paid,
He from all our load will ease us,
While our faith on him is stay'd.

- 5 Where's a *fountain* ever-flowing,
That can slake my thirsty heart ?
And from filth of evil-doing,
Cleansing to my soul impart ?
Jesus' wounds—from these are bursting
Living streams of sacred blood,
Here may drink the heart that's thirsting,
Here the soul be cleans'd for God.
- 6 Are there *mansions*—Who will show them ?—
That with constant peace are blest ?
Where afflictions—none shall know them,—
And from care my soul may rest ?
Such a place is Christ preparing,—
Faith, e'en here, secures our peace ;—
Who *His* suff'rings now is sharing,
Soon shall share his home of bliss.

E. G. WOLTERSDOFF, d. 1761.

I now have found the Rock of ages,
And, with it, all that soul would crave ;
This Rock—unmov'd when tempest rages,

This Rock—from which the swollen wave
With broken billows back is rolling—
When storms from Hell's abyss were howling,
Receiv'd me to its shelt'ring cleft.
My soul, dismiss all doubt and terror,
Thy faith is no delusive error,
Here safe retreat for thee is left.

- 2 Oppress'd with guilt of sins so many,
My soul was like the troubled sea ;
Nor help for me appear'd there any,
But dark despair awaited me.
While conscience, for my sins accusing,
All hope of light or life refusing,
Disclos'd the world of woe beneath,—
As one that's toss'd on ocean's surges,
Where each to ruin onward urges,
I struggled on the brink of death.
- 3 On me, when now all hope was dying,
The Savior look'd ;—nor stood apart :—
He heard my voice for mercy crying,
And pity mov'd his tender heart :
To me his wounded body showing,
And from the wounds his life's blood flowing,
He cried—"Come, weary sinner, come !
"I am the rock for sinners riven,
"No refuge else for thee is given,
"Haste ! for thy shelter here is room !"
- 4 What life and peace my spirit borrows,
Rock of my strength,—what joys from thee !

Where now is gone that flood of sorrows ?

Lo !—backward roll its waves from me.

Now finds my soul, to its full measure,

In thee its paradise of pleasure ;—

What pure delights my bosom fill !

Of all the bliss I share before thee,

I deeply feel I'm all unworthy,—

Yet thankful take it:—such thy will.

5 Let then the angry winds be roaring !

Let sea and sky their fury wage !

The floods of Death their storm be pouring,

And Satan double all his rage !

All this but little can alarm me,—

My Rock secures that nothing harm me,

Though darkness all my prospect hide.

Let sink with fear both hill and mountain,

My Rock will stand ;—a ceaseless fountain

Of life still flowing from its side.

43

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

ASPIRE, my heart, *on high* to live !

For *there* is found thy treasure :

What's *here*, would all thy hopes deceive,—

That only suits their measure.

Poor is the wealth that soon must fail,

None other can for thee avail

Than riches stor'd in heaven.

- 2 'Tis all a gift,—not wages paid,—
 This treasure none can merit ;
 And Jesus, who atonement made,
 He, only, can confer it.
 The soul could have no higher good,
 Than God's beloved Son, with blood,
 For us has dearly purchas'd.
- 3 It is a wealth that will remain,—
 By faith in him, we seal it :
 No foe can make its title vain,
 No thief can ever steal it.
 Nor Death, nor Time, its worth destroys,
 'T will be a source of holy joys,
 Long as the soul is living.
- 4 This treasure, Lord, to me commend,
 And teach my heart to prize it ;—
 Compar'd with this, what earth can lend—
 Sincerely to despise it.
 For me to die will then be gain,
 And when thy courts I shall attain,
 I will forever thank thee.

P. F. HILLER, d. 1769.

44

* THE CHRISTIAN'S PEACE.

I'LL serve the LORD with true devotion—
 My Savior, help to keep my vow !
 Too long I shar'd the world's commotion,
 Thou art my rest from trouble now.

Thy peace,—O 't is a matchless blessing,
The brightest crown of kings surpassing,
To us of future bliss it tells :
The gift excites my ceaseless wonder,
No words can speak the debt I'm under,
Thy grace my highest thoughts excels.

2 How kind and patient was thy pity,
That thou shouldst such a heart subdue !
I fled from thee, scorn'd thy entreaty—
Would still the way of death pursue.
And yet thy love would not forsake me,—
A trophy of thy grace to make me,
Thou hast reveal'd thyself in me.
Accept, for love so true and tender,
My heart entire ;—I all surrender,
And would rejoice alone in thee.

3 So teach me, that, myself forgetting,
I in thy love may all be lost :
Before me thine example setting,
May study how to please thee most.
The earth can yield but poor enjoyment,—
To do thy will be my employment,
Thou highest good, my only one !
The more this world shall lose its power,
The more my happy thoughts can tower,
Admiring what thy love has done.

4 'T is not thy gifts, however many,
But 't is thyself I chiefly prize,

If thou should fail to furnish any,
My heart shall not in murmurs rise.
Thy kingdom boasts no joyous revel,—
Instruct me, Lord, to suffer evil,
And in my sorrows keep me true !
Rule thou in all my pow'rs and feelings,
In all my thoughts, in all my dealings,—
Be all to me in all I do !

- 5 For me 't is ever best directed,
When least my selfish wish succeeds ;
High things with turmoil are connected,
God's work a quiet temper needs.
The meek—their lot with patience bearing,
As leads thy Spirit, onward faring,—
Teach how the will of God is done :
O may *my* love to thee be single,
And with no selfish feelings mingle !
Then I aright will have begun. .

- 6 But, holy Jesus, dare I cherish
The hope, that thou wilt own my love ?
Yes, Lord ! Thy grace leaves none to perish,
Whose heart is drawn to things above.
I'll trust the treasures of thy kindness,—
Enlighten thou my spirit's blindness,
That I earth's nothingness may see ;
And, from its dark delusions turning,
May guess, from radiant gleams of morning,
How bright the *Sun itself* must be.

45

CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S PORTION.

JESUS, my chief pleasre,
 Comfort's richest treasure,
 Portion of my soul!
 Pow'r and Grace revealing,
 Sin's distemper healing,
 Thou wilt make me whole.

Have I thee?—'T is wealth to me!
 Earth, without thee, all conceded,
 Lacks the thing I needed.

2 Thou for me engaging,
 Storms are vainly raging,
 They can work no harm.
 Let the rocks be shaken,
 Earth with trembling taken,
 Nature show alarm,—
 Shall I fear? Though, far and near,
 All conspiring would confound me,
 Still thy arms are round me.

3• 'Mid terrific wonders,
 Sinai speaks in thunders;—
 Jesus quells my dread.
 Death may o'er me hover,
 Grave in darkness cover,—
 Jesus meets my need.
 Judgment, too, I fearless view,
 He my judge to sight is offer'd
 Who for me has suffer'd.

- 4 Vain each new endeavor
 By some smooth deceiver,
 Now, to shame my faith:
 Scoffs—let foes repeat them,—
 I with songs will meet them,
 Praising God till death.
I'm secure By Jesus' pow'r;
 He of foes can rule the madness,
 Crowning faith with gladness,
- 5 "Gold—'bove all things prize it!
 "Honor—idolize it!"
 Say the worldly wise.
 These shall never blind me,
 Nor apostate find me
 Who the faith denies.
Grief nor loss,— Shame, death, the cross,
 No disasters that betide me,
 Shall from Christ divide me.
- 6 Earth's delusive bubbles,
 Source of human troubles,
 Countless victims make.
 World!—your bondage breaking,
 All your joys forsaking,
 Now my leave I take.
Envy, Pride, All sin beside—
 From your chains will Christ deliver,
 Freeing me forever.

- 7 Cares and fears have vanish'd,—
 All complaint is banish'd,—
 Jesus—He is mine!
 Whoso here shall love him,
 Though dark trials prove him,
 Light on him shall shine.
 Should distress My soul oppress,
 From my Savior still I borrow
 Joy in all my sorrow.
-

- ONE thing's needful :—this rich treasure
 Show to me my gracious God!
 Things beside that promise pleasure
 Prove at best a weary load,
 Beneath which the soul—always restless, complaining—
 Still longs for the good it is never attaining :
 O give me this one thing !—'t is all I require,
 This One will be All, and fulfill my desire.
- 2 Soul, this portion,—would thou gain it,
 Seek it not in worldly store !
 Raise thy flight, nor here restrain it,
 High above all nature soar,—
 To where God and manhood in Jesus ascended,
 Whose fullness of grace with full glory is blended,
 'T is there is thy best, indispensable part,
 The One, and the All,—the true bliss of the heart.

- 3 Think, my spirit, what employment
 Was to Mary's soul so sweet,
 Then while she, with such enjoyment,
 Kept her place at Jesus' feet.

Her heart with desire of the knowledge was burning,
Which there from the lips of her Lord she was learning ;
With Jesus, and with his instructions engross'd,
Her all she receiv'd in the word she lov'd most.

- 4 So my soul, with strong desires to
 Learn her duty, LORD, from thee,
 Loves thy truth ; by this aspires to
 Pleasures that shall endless be.

Though others for earth and its joys may forsake thee,
Still, Jesus, my all now and ever I take thee ;
For spirit and life are contain'd in thy word,
There's nothing of good but is found in my Lord.

- 5 *Wisdom* is in full perfection
 Hid in thee. Its search to make,
 I would, choosing thy direction,
 Never from the limits break

Where Piety, simple and meek, shall conduct me,
And onward in things of thy kingdom instruct me,
Until I shall know Jesus Christ as he is ;—
I then shall have won of true wisdom the prize.

- 6 Who can give me hope of pardon ?
 Who for all my sins atone ?
 Who of guilt remove the burden ?
 Jesus, *thou*,—*thy grace* alone.

For me, on the cross were thy injuries suffer'd,
A *righteousness* perfect by thee now is proffer'd,
And robes of salvation, by faith to be mine,
With which I in glory forever may shine.

7 By thy own, O mould my spirit !
There thy sacred form impress !
Thy refusal—can I fear it ?
Thou art made my *holiness*.

Whatever promotes love to God, or right living,
That, giving thyself to me, Lord, thou art giving,
From evil affections deliver my heart,
Within me abide, and thy virtues impart !

8 Nothing more by me is needed,—
Grace has reach'd me with its flood ;
In *the holiest* thou hast pleaded,
Thither ent'ring by thy blood ;—
And there hast procur'd me a perfect *redemption*,
From Satan's foul tyranny endless exemption,
With freedom, a spirit too giving, that I
In praying to God—"Abba Father !" may cry.

9 Fields—where verdure, ever growing,
Yields the pasture of my choice ;
Where is peace, with joys o'erflowing,—
Thither calls my Shepherd's voice.
No blessing on earth can be found that is dearer,
No pleasure to glory can bring the soul nearer,
Than when rule thy graces, blest Jesus, in me,
And I in thyself my Redeemer can see.

- 10 Jesus, only stand thou by me!
 In thy strength my safety lies:
 Search my spirit, Lord, and try me!
 Free my heart from all disguise!
 Withhold me from paths that to ruin are hasting,
 And lead me, Most High, in the way everlasting,
 Till, dying, from earth and its cares I retire,
With Jesus to live,—the One thing I desire.

J. H. SCHROEDER, d. 1728.

47

* THE CHIEF GOOD.

- WITHIN me, LORD, thou hast implanted
 The strong desire of lasting good,
 A blessing never to be granted
 While flesh continues my abode;
 My search and wishes may remain,
 But earthly hopes are all in vain.
- 2 An evil heart my spirit blinding,
 I onward grope in darkness here;—
 Forever seeking, never finding
 Relief from doubt and gloomy fear.
 In thee alone is rest from care,
 O teach my soul to seek it there!
- 3 From vanities of time deliver,
 And set my prison'd spirit free!
 Let hopes, that soon must fail forever,
 Make room for what shall endless be,—

That I, with present quiet bless'd,
May reach at last eternal rest.

4 Give thy dear Son to stand beside me !

None else can needed grace supply ;—
That by his counsel he may guide me,
And I for peace on him rely.
Then his redemption will be mine,
While I to him my all resign.

5 'Tis only thus, I hope for pleasure !

Should earth her choicest stores reveal,
Fame, riches—these, whate'er their measure,
My soul's desire could never fill.
What most the sons of earth applaud
Can never please a child of God.

6 Could I secure man's approbation,

And win his envied praises now,
At death, 't would yield no consolation,
In life, 't were but an empty show.
Far better here my *time* to spend
For gaining an *eternal* friend.

7 It is the height of my aspiring—

To be well-pleasing, LORD, to thee,
From search of human praise retiring,
Which, found, would hide thy face from me ;
But, if thy favor I secure,
'Tis glory now and evermore.

8 For comfort—what can wealth avail me,
 When I am call'd the world to leave?
 Had I all earthly good—'twould fail me,—
 It flatters only to deceive:
 Then, only *this* a good will prove—
To have a portion in thy love.

9 Of joy—should all on earth forsake me,—
 My God is left,—the best, the whole:
 When death, Lord Jesus, shall o'ertake me,
 Sustain in peace my parting soul,
 While I shall hear, by thee address'd,—
"Come, now, and be forever blest!"

I. U. FROMMANN, 1742.

48

VANITY OF EARTH.

EARTH's boasted joys and splendor
 No real good can render,
 However fair they seem:
 What now may most delight us,
 With eager hopes excite us,—
 We soon shall find an idle dream.

2 Men toil with ceaseless trouble—
 For what?—Some airy bubble
 That can no profit give.
 What's life?—A flick'ring taper,
 Emitting deadly vapor:—
 Where flatt'ring most 't will most deceive.

- 3 The fame which here we covet,
As if 't were endless, love it,—
Is all an empty breath ;
Soon as we yield our spirit,
We never more shall hear it,
'T will sink, with us, forgot in death.
- 4 'T were vain, on skill or science
To set our fond reliance—
They cannot death abide.
Whose pride more room would borrow,
And finds this world too narrow—
They'll find a narrow grave too wide.
- 5 Our gains must be forsaken—
For which such pains are taken,
And toil—that rest denies :
Success in our endeavors
Can win from death no favors,
And when we die, to us it dies.
- 6 E'en as a rose at morning,
Its parent-stock adorning,
Expands beneath the light ;
But, ere the day is ended,
Or light with darkness blended,
Its bloom is struck by with'ring blight :
- 7 So we on earth are blooming,
In hope, to greatness coming,
From care and sorrow free ;
But ere we have attain'd it,—

Or all our bloom—have gain'd it,—
The blast of Death sweeps us away.

- 8 Awake, my soul!—remind thee!
Of life that's here assign'd thee,
 What's now, alone is thine.
 The past—'t is as the river
 Whose waves roll onward ever,—
 The future—Who can say "*'Tis mine!*"?

- 9 Of man reject the story
That vaunts his power and glory,
And trust in God alone!
 His pow'r—o'er all 't is reigning,
 His time—'t is never waning,—
Of glory He awards the crown.

- 10 And those in God confiding
For joys with Him abiding—
 Though *here* they soon may die,
 Shall *there* live on forever—
 In His unbounded favor,—
They're blest whose portion is on high!

A. GRYPHIUS, d. 1664.

WHY vex thyself with anxious fears,
My soul, or weary thee with cares
 About mere earthly good?
Confide thyself to God alone,
The earth and skies are all his own.

- 2 His pow'r and will can never fail
To meet thy wants. He knows them well,
He all thy burden knows :
He is thy Father, and thy God,
Will comfort thee on all thy road.—
- 3 My God and Father !—Yes, thou art,
And well I know thy tender heart
Will ne'er thy child forget.
Besides thyself, I here below
Nor hope, nor consolation know.
- 4 Let others on their riches rest :
I build on God ; in him am blest,
In poverty am rich.
He is my wealth, I need no more ;
Who trusts in Him is never poor.
- 5 Thy riches, LORD, forever last,
To-day as in all ages past :
In thee I may confide.
Thy stores of grace in me display !
For other wealth I cannot pray.
- 6 All worldly pomp I well can spare,
If I may endless honors share
By thee for sinners bought,
Dear Savior, with thy precious blood :
For these I'll pray, my Lord and God.
- 7 Whate'er it be earth values most,
Gold, silver, jewels—or may boast

Of pleasure,—or of pow'r,—
All these will quickly pass away,
Nor help to meet the judgment-day.

8 I thank thee, God's beloved Son,
Who, from thy great and glorious throne,
To me thy truth hast giv'n :
And by the truth do thou prepare
My soul thy glory, too, to share !

9 Love, honor, praise to thee be brought,
For that salvation thou hast taught !
My faith, dear Lord, confirm !
That I, in realms of endless light,
May ever live before thy sight.

HANS SACHS, d. 1576.

50 CHRISTIAN'S ESTIMATE OF THE WORLD.

CAN I this world esteem,
Or here repose my treasure,
When I alone in thee,
Dear Jesus, find my pleasure ?
Thou art my chosen good,
Without thee, joy's a dream ;
With thee, I need no more—
Can I this world esteem ?

2 This world is like the smoke
In air full quickly failing ;
'T is like the shadow vain

Of clouds fast onward sailing :
All, all soon flits away,—
But Christ abides the same ;
He's my enduring Rock,—
Can I this world esteem ?

3 The world their honors seek,
To earthly great-ones bending ;
Nor will at all reflect
That these to dust are tending :
To Him who ever lives,
Whom I my glory deem,
To Christ—they scorn to bow ;—
Can I the world esteem ?

4 The world for riches strive,
Their toil no respite suffers :
The best reward they hope
Is treasure in their coffers :
I know a higher good,
A treasure that's supreme ;
'T is Jesus,—He is mine ;—
Can I the world esteem ?

5 The world much trouble feel,
Whoever may deride them ;
Or when the praise they wish
By others is denied them :
But if it please my Lord,
For him I'll suffer shame,

In this my glory find ;
Can I the world esteem ?

6 The world to darling lusts
Admit no curb or measure,
For seeking joys on high
They have no heart or leisure ;
The wretch who scorns restraint
Will meet his friends with them ;
While then I love my God,
Can I the world esteem ?

7 Can I this world esteem ?
How soon its honors vanish !
These cannot from the brow
Death's pallid tokens banish :
Its riches—they are dust !
Its joys—a lying name !
But Christ—eternal bliss !
Can I this world esteem ?

8 Can I this world esteem ?
Christ is my life forever,
My wealth, all my estate :
I rest upon His favor
My portion here,—above,
My ev'ry hope and aim ;—
Once more, then, I would say—
Can I this world esteem ?

G. M. PFEFFERKORN.

51 [VANITY OF EARTHLY PURSUITS.

BEWARE, O man, lest endless life
From all thy thoughts be driven,
And, when Death calls thee to the strife,
Then first thou think of heaven!

2 Are riches, honors, worldly show,
For heav'n the soul's adorning;
That thou, pursuing these, should know
Small quiet—eve or morning?

3 To us the scriptures plainly say—
This globe itself shall perish:
As if they would forever stay,
Shall we its *baubles* cherish?

4 Art thou not daily made aware
Of some by Death o'ertaken?
Full poor they pass thee on their bier,
By all their wealth forsaken.

5 What has the earth with *thee* to send?
Or, How can it enrich thee?
Its pomp, its wealth, its pleasures end—
So Death, ere long, will teach thee.

6 All real good is found above,—
'Tis worth thy full endeavor;
It well deserves thy constant love,
Its bliss endures forever.

- 7 Who can describe the boundless store
That there awaits the pious ?
What could we want, that Jesus' pow'r
And love cannot supply us ?
- 8 Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Man's heart it never enter'd,
What things God has for them prepar'd
Whose love on him is centred.
- 9 How long must I here grope in night ?
Could I his pinions borrow,
Swift as the eagle in his flight,
I'd leave this world of sorrow.
- 10 Come, take me, Jesus,—thither bring
Where angels bow before thee !
Take me where saints with angels sing,
That I may there adore thee !

SIMON DAOR, d. 1659.

O TELL me not of glitt'ring treasure,
Of pomp and splendor here below ;
The earth to me can yield no pleasure,
With all its pomp and glitt'ring show.
Let others love whate'er they will,
My heart prefers my Savior still.

- 2 In him alone is joy abiding,—
He is my hope, my chief desire:
Upon his word my soul confiding,
To *endless* pleasures would aspire.
Let others love whate'er they will,
My heart prefers my Savior still.
- 3 The world—its joys are scarcely tasted,
The flesh—its beauty cannot last,
For time will these have quickly wasted;
The pride of man will soon be past.
Let others love whate'er they will,
My heart prefers my Savior still.
- 4 His pow'r, against all foes prevailing,
Shall in its strength forever stay;
His throne, in glory never failing,
Shall stand when time has pass'd away
Let others love whate'er they will,
My heart prefers my Savior still.
- 5 His wealth is always outward going,—
Its source no stinted measure knows,
While other springs withhold their flowing,
This fountain with full waters flows.
Let others love whate'er they will,
My heart prefers my Savior still.
- 6 In him I trust, nor will he leave me
When Earth's delusive favors end;—
But then,—nor like the earth deceive me,—
Abide my portion—and my friend.

Let others love whate'er they will,
My heart prefers my Savior still.

- 7 Though many cares may here oppress me,
While I a pilgrim seek my home;
Yet He has said all good shall bless me,
When to his glory I shall come.
Content, I'll suffer now his will,
Relying on his promise still.

J. ANGELUS, d. 1677.

53

* THE WORLD RENOUNCED.

Vain world, forbear thy pleading!
I bid thee now—adieu!
Thy course, to ruin leading,
No longer I pursue,
In heav'n is bliss forever,—
My wishes thither go;
There God will crown with favor
Who love him here below.

- 2 With counsel now supply me,
Dear Savior, lest I stray;
If sorrows here must try me,
On thee my courage stay!
From pangs protracted, spare me,
And soothe my throbbing heart!
By sight of bliss prepare me,
Then bid in peace depart!

- 3 If danger cloud my spirit,
Let thy dear cross but shine,
I will no longer fear it,
But ev'ry care resign :
Nor will I shrink to suffer,
If then my faith may see
The victim thou didst offer,
In dying, Lord, for me.
- 4 My soul is feeble,—hide it
From all that would annoy !
Through vales of darkness, guide it
To realms of light and joy !
His way is safe from error,
Who learns from Thee the road ;
His soul need feel no terror,
Whose refuge is in God.
- 5 Show me my name recorded
Within thy book of life,
My lot by grace awarded
With victors in the strife !
Their joys in song are flowing—
And, when I rise above,
My heart with transport glowing,
I, too, will sing thy love.

V. HERBERGER, in the plague 1615.

54

THE WISDOM OF THE JUST.

HERE many wise and prudent grow,
A name for knowledge gaining,
And much of understanding show
In things to earth pertaining:
But he, whom Christ has taught, will choose
A wisdom that the world refuse—
The wisdom of the righteous.

2 In God alone, for needed grace,
He places his reliance ;
To faith his heart accords its place,
And yields a glad compliance ;
His Savior's word and life he knows,
And then, by words and living shows—
The wisdom of the righteous.

3 Let all the wisdom earth has taught
Together be united,—
Can it avail to cleanse the spot
By which the soul is blighted ?
This work of pow'r is only done
Through faith in God's beloved Son—
The wisdom of the righteous.

4 Man's wisdom—Will it fear allay
When Death shall o'er him hover ?
Or, Can it tell how near the day
When dust his dust shall cover ?
Here darkness fills the wise with grief,

One thing alone can work relief—
The wisdom of the righteous.

5 The worldly wise would gladly waive
 All thoughts of Death, and dying ;—
 Their wisdom, bounded by the grave,
 No hope beyond supplying.
 The gospel, gleaming through the night,
 Brings immortality to light—
The wisdom of the righteous.

6 Dear Savior, make me good and wise !
 Thy mercy spread around me !
 The world and flesh against me rise,
 With errors would confound me :
 O keep me safely in the road
 That leads to glory and to God,—
 Then, crown me with the righteous !

. ——— .

Love, honor, thanks, to thee we raise,
 For, Jesus, thou art worthy ;
 But worthy tribute to thy praise,
 Who, Lord, can bring before thee !
 Ere light arose, thy glory shone,
 Thyself God's equal, only Son,
 The glory of the Highest.
 Thine is the kingdom,—thine the pow'r,

O'er all thou rulest evermore,—
To all, thou all suppliest.

2 They're thine—for By whose sov'reign might
Creation—has it standing?
When man and angels burst to light,
Who spoke—"live ye!"—commanding?
Thou art the Word—unchang'd the same—
By which the world to being came,—
All that has life and motion;
What'er we see, what lives unseen,
Whate'er the earth and sky contain,
What shelters in the ocean.

3 And yet to us how strangely good!
For our sakes hither coming,
And to thyself our flesh and blood,
With ready will, assuming;
What shame and grief to thee it cost
To seek and rescue what was lost,
The curse for us enduring!
A love like thine, none shows beside,
For sins our own, thyself hast died,
Thus life for us procuring.

4 Thou gavest life,—thou givest still,
On high in glory seated;
Thou savest us from Satan's will,
With all our sins remitted,—
While thy delight from bonds to free
And cheer the heart that trusts in thee,

Excites our joy and wonder.
Of weary souls thou art the rest,
And them, who with thy love are blest,
Naught from thy love can sunder.

- 5 Thou hearest when thy people pray,
And stillest their complaining;
Till earth and sky shall pass away,
Thy care for them retaining.
We are thy chosen heritage,
Let endless thanks our hearts engage,
For thy distinguish'd favor:—
To thee, O Lord, my all I give,
Grant that I here for thee may live,
Then live with thee forever!

P. F. HILLER, d. 1769.

I LOVE thee, Lord, with love sincere,
And pray thee ever to be near,
Thy needed grace bestowing;
The universe, I prize it not,—
Things here—above—alike forgot,—
While thou thy love art showing.
And when with griefs I am oppress'd,
To thee alone I look for rest:—
Nor let it, Savior, e'er be said
Thy blood for me was vainly shed.
Lord Jesus Christ,

I love thy name, My love inflame !
And never turn my hope to shame !

- 2 Who was it, but thyself, who gave
My body, soul—all that I have,
And life—my term of trial ?
For doing good I grace implore,
That all I have may praise thee more,—
Nor wilt thou give denial.
O save me, Lord, from error's path,
From Satan's wiles, from Satan's wrath :
My heart with courage too prepare,
That ev'ry cross I well may bear.
Lord Jesus Christ,
My King on high, At death be nigh,
And teach thy servant how to die.

- 3 May waiting angels, when in death,
Sustain'd by thee, I yield my breath,
Convey my soul to heaven !
My body sleep—no more to break
Its rest, till—all the dead to wake,—
Th' archangel's shout is given.
Then, from the dust with joy I'll rise,
To hail thee coming from the skies,
On clouds of majesty enthron'd,
And with eternal glory crown'd.
Lord Jesus Christ,
My song of praise To thee I'll raise,
Nor cease to sing through endless days.

MARTIN SCHALLING, d. 1608.

ALL with Jesus are delighted,
While he speaks of joys to come,
Thinking that to them is plighted
After death a happy home:
But "The cross"—when he declares it—
"None, but he who takes and bears it,
"Can my true disciple be:"—
Few—how few!—to this agree.

2 All are pleas'd when—"Come ye weary!"
They can hear the Savior say:
But 't is language harsh and dreary—
"Enter ye the narrow way!"
While "Hosanna!" men are singing,
All can love;—but when is ringing—
"Crucify him!"—at the sound,
Nothing more of love is found.

3 While his hands are food supplying,
All with joy his bounty take;
When in anguish he is lying,
None for his protection wake.
Thus may Jesus have *our* praises,
While our hopes and joys he raises;
But should he his favor hide,
Love to him would not abide.

4 Is thy joy in Christ arising
From thy love to him alone?

In his sorrows sympathizing,
 Canst thou make his griefs thy own?
 Should he cease with hope to bless thee,—
 Should dark fears and doubts distress thee,—
 Still confiding, couldst thou say—
 “Jesus, thou art all my stay!”?

5 In thyself, Lord, thou art worthy,
 All our love is but thy due:
 Saints and angels cry before thee—
 “Thou art holy, just, and true!”
 Whoso, in thy bright perfections,
 Finds for him thy best attractions,
 Has, in loving thee, a part
 That shall satisfy the heart.

6 What thy love and mercy offer,
 Loving thee would I obtain;
 And, if call'd for thee to suffer,
 It will be my endless gain.
 Here my soul, in all its sorrows,
 Peace from thee; and comfort borrows;
 And if joys from earth remove,
 'Tis to flourish more above.

— — — !

58

CONFIDENCE IN CHRIST.

LORD Jesus Christ, my spirit's health,
 My highest good, my only wealth,
 Whatever shall betide me,—

My heart's delight thou'lt ever be,
No joy or sorrow shall from thee
And from thy love divide me.
Thou makest me to know thy way,
Thy hand of mercy is my stay,
It guides my course in all its length,
In all my weakness gives me strength.

Lord Jesus Christ,
Be thou my light Through nature's night,
And never hide thee from my sight!

- 2 My portion, govern'd by *thy will*,
Reveals thy sovereign mercy still,
And to my good is tending;
It oft my wish may strangely cross,
But soon I see what seem'd a loss,
In gain as strangely ending.
With weary steps, by dreary road,
I yet may reach thy bright abode;
There, with the saints in endless bliss,
To wear the crown of righteousness.

Thou, Jesus Christ,
Art my desire, All I require,—
My warmest hopes to thee aspire.

- 3 On thee alone I rest my all,—
With thee, for nothing else I call
When evils here oppress me:
Nay!—what were heav'n aside from thee?
'T would be a thankless gift to me,
Unless my Savior bless me.

What then has earth, without thy love,
That could my soul's affections move ?
Throughout the universe, beside,
There's none in whom I can confide.

Lord Jesus Christ,
My life and peace ! My faith increase—
That love and joy may never cease.

- 4 And were it so, that I beneath
Shame, torture, agony and death,
Must, soul and body, perish :—
Should pains and fears still onward swell,
Till all around me were a Hell,—
My faith I yet would cherish.
But thou wilt be my spirit's health,
My chosen good, my only wealth :—
And I too shall—must ever be,
Both soul and body, blest in thee.

Lord Jesus Christ,
Thy word I take, And those who make
Their trust in thee, thou'lt ne'er forsake.

- 5 Who will thy gospel not receive,
Nor, with the heart, in thee believe,—
He must to woe be driven :
Who for the world's vain pleasures lives,
To these his heart and service gives,
Is all unfit for heaven :
And he, on lusts of flesh intent,
Who will not for his sins repent,

Nor here on thee for mercy wait,
Must cry for mercy when too late.

Lord Jesus Christ,
For me appear ! Why should I fear ?
To faith thou art forever near.

6 I now would bind myself to thee :
Thou, too, hast bound thyself to me,
And hence my joy I borrow :
My confidence on thee is fast,
My Rock, that firm will ever last
In joy and, too, in sorrow ;
What thou hast done, thy deeds of grace,
Shall fill my heart and mouth with praise,
Till I shall rise to thee above,
And see thee whom unseen I love.

Lord Jesus Christ,
Haste on the day, Nor longer stay !
Come quickly ! Why so long delay !

E. NEUMEISTER, d. 1756.

Good Shepherd and tender,
Thy flock's great defender,
Thy wide-scatter'd flock are now longing for thee.
'Mid dangers they're straying,
False guides are betraying,—
Restore then thy presence, and troubles shall flee.

- 2 O come, spread thy cover,
 While storms o'er them hover,
And days are all gloomy with terror and pain :
 In green pastures feed them,
 By still waters lead them,
And make them rejoice in thy favor again.
- 3 Thy grace once were sharing
 The simple, way-faring ;
The languishing soul with thy mercy was blest :
 Where hope was now failing,
 Thy glad voice was hailing—
“ Come near, heavy-laden, and I'll give you rest ! ”
- 4 Thy church, in their dangers,
 Wilt thou leave to strangers ?
Their hopes and their safety on thee must depend :
 The word thou hast spoken
 Can never be broken—
“ Behold I am with you until the world's end ! ”
-

60

* THE CHURCH IN AFFLICTION.

Psalm 12.

- 1 ON us, O LORD, in mercy look !
 To pity now awaken !
How few and faint thy scatter'd flock,
 The pious are forsaken.
Thy word among the sons of men
Can little faith or notice gain,—
 They choose the paths of error.

- 2 By ev'ry false, deceptive art
They strive to overreach us,—
They loathe that single, honest heart
The word of God would teach us :
While one in this way, one in that,
But all alike our ruin plot,
And all with fair disguises.
- 3 To them the plagues of God are nigh—
We warn them of perdition ;—
All danger proudly they defy—
“ We scorn your admonition.
“ The might and right are all our own ;
“ What pleases us, *that* shall be done,—
“ Who shall control our pleasure ? ”
- 4 Thus saith the LORD—“ I will arise,
“ My people much have suffer'd ;
“ Before me come their frequent sighs,
“ And pray'rs in anguish offer'd :
“ My word shall still its service do,
“ Their faith revive, their hope renew,
“ Their joy and peace restoring.”
- 5 As silver, oft in furnace tried,
Its value but enhances,
So they, who in God's word abide,
In grace shall make advances.
Affliction will their dross remove,
Will search and purify their love,—
Their light shall glow the brighter.

- 6 From evil may our trials cleanse !
Still keep thy truth before us !
Nor suffer them who boast their sins
To get dominion o'er us !
When foes of God the rule obtain,
What shall the godless crowd restrain ?
Protect, O Lord, thy people !

M. LUTHER, d. 1546.

61

* THE CHURCH SAFE.

- Be not dishearten'd, little flock,
Although thy foes may proudly talk,
And threaten to destroy thee ;
May seek and hope thine utter fall,
With terror would thy heart appal,—
They shall not long annoy thee.
- 2 Fear not ! Thine is the cause of God,—
'Tis He of vengeance wields the rod,—
Leave all to his direction !
Confide in Jesus, his dear Son,
Deliverance shall by God be shown,
His word, too, find protection.
- 3 As God, or truth itself is true,
All, who the works of Satan do,—
Who sin and falsehood favor,
Must sink in everlasting shame :
But God is ours ! and in his name
We'll vict'ry shout forever.

4 In courage strong, thou little band,
Of God and truth the foes withstand !
Thy triumph—He has told it.
Believe his word !—*their* purpose cross'd,
Himself will rout their frightened host ;—
Thine eyes, too, shall behold it.

5 Amen ! Lord Jesus, we believe :
Help us the proofs of faith to give,
Thy vict'ry—to foresee it !
That we, thy little flock, may raise
To God triumphant shouts of praise,
And joyful cry—“ *So be it !* ”

The first three stanzas are ascribed to GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, king of Sweden : therest is from an unknown hand.

62 CHRIST'S PRESENCE HIS PEOPLE'S JOY.

JESUS, our Lord, when thou art near,
The soul enjoys a sacred peace ;
Thy gracious look calms every fear,
And thrills our mortal frame with bliss
And gratitude.

2 Not that we see thy smiling face
And outward mien, with nat'ral eye,
But still our souls thy beauty trace ;—
For thou canst bring thy glories nigh,
Thy form unseen.

- 3 In showing mercy, truth, and love,
Thy readiness to pardon sin ;—
To cleanse, to bless, to lift above
And, as a friend, our hearts to win,
Thou art reveal'd.
- [4 When round us earthly prospects smile,
And pleasures their temptation spread,—
Be near!—lest these to sin beguile,
Show us the path where thou hast led
To better joys.]
- 5 When sorrows rise, our souls relieve
With mem'ry of thy vict'ry won ;
This shall our drooping hopes revive,
And thus thy presence, with us shown,
Be seen by all.
- 6 Be ever near us, gracious Lord,
To all our trials suit thy care :
And happy in thy kind regard,
By faith and love would we prepare
Near thee to shine.

C. GREGOR, d. 1801.

63 THE JOY OF GOD'S PRESENCE.

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
Thou only source of pleasure ;
While fear, and toil, and grief to me
From care permit no leisure ?

O leave me not in hopeless night,
Nor hide me, Father, from thy sight
Where spirits are rejoicing.

2 Thick darkness here is spread around,—
And must I struggle ever
For light and peace,—yet all be found
A fruitless, sad endeavor?
With sin the never-ceasing strife,
The burdens of this mortal life,
To dust my soul are sinking.

3 Too weak am I, by strength of mine,
Where dwell thy joys, to tower;
Too weak, where hosts of darkness join,
To quell their prince's power.
Within, around, I trouble see,—
Where look for help?—O God, on thee
Alone is my reliance.

4 With humble faith upon thy word,
My all in all I take thee;
Be thou my Rock, my shield and sword!
I never will forsake thee:
Though sin my soul has oft defil'd,
Through Jesus, I am yet thy child,
And Thou, my gracious father.

5 The vict'ry thou wilt guide:—'t is well!
The strife I'll dread no longer:
Of fears—no more would dare to tell,
The weak shall prove the stronger.

Thou wilt to me thy presence grant,
And, with thy smile, I nothing want
For earth, or yet for heaven.

G. B. FUNK, d. 1814.

64

JESUS REMEMBERED.

REMEMBER Jesus, God's dear Son,
My soul,—'t was thy salvation,
That brought him from his glory down
To live in humble station.
Forget him not!—'t was for thy good
He took upon him flesh and blood,—
O thank him for this mercy !

2 Remember Jesus, God's dear Son ;
For thee his griefs were suffer'd ;
His death has thy deliv'rance won,
And life to thee is offer'd ;
The agonies by him endur'd
Eternal joys for thee procur'd,—
O thank him for this mercy !

3 Remember Jesus, God's dear Son ;
He, from the dead awaking,
In pow'r at God's right hand is shown,
Death's gloomy bondage breaking ;
From sin and death he sets thee free,—
In serving him is liberty ;—
O thank him for this mercy !

- 4 Remember Jesus, God's dear Son ;
The crown of vict'ry wearing,
Back to his glory he has gone,
A place for thee preparing :
That thou, in glory too, may see
His honors and his majesty—
O thank him for this mercy !
- 5 Remember Jesus, God's dear Son ;
'T is he our doom will render ;
When saints with favor he will crown,
With wrath, the bold offender :
Be earnest now to gain the prize,
That thou with him above may rise,
To thank his grace forever.
- 6 O grant me, Jesus, God's dear Son,
That, in thy love abiding,
I ne'er forget what thou hast done,
But, in thy strength confiding,
May, through thy death, be dead to sin :
And, through thy life, the vict'ry win,
To reign in life eternal !

C. GUNTHER, d. 1704.

JESUS, help conquer ! Thou Prince everliving,
See me oppress'd under sorrows and fears !
Weak is my arm, and my heart is misgiving,

- Frightful the force that against me appears :
Savior, stand by me !—without thine assistance,
How can I hope for success in resistance !
- 2 Jesus, help conquer ! My lusts—O subdue them !
Nor in my flesh leave them longer to reign !
Works of the Spirit—I now would pursue them,—
Upward my course to thy glory maintain.
Strengthen the will, and succeed my endeavor,
Body and soul shall rejoice in thy favor.
- 3 Jesus, help conquer !—I still must bewail me,
While my offenses keep ever in view.
Help, when the past and its follies assail me,
Conscience the mem'ry of these would renew :
Give me to taste of the joys of thy pardon,
Then shall my soul of its guilt lose the burden.
- 4 Jesus, help conquer ! Vain else all emprises
'Gainst the arch-foe with his cunning and might,
None but thyself can detect his disguises,—
Satan seems often an angel of light.
Seeking my life—such his art to deceive me—
All would be lost, if alone thou should leave me.
- 5 Jesus, help conquer ! When sin that's indwelling,
Selfishness, envy, or pride I discern ;
When I my slavery to passions am feeling,
When, with my ruin, my weakness I learn,
Longer compliance—O help me deny it !
Sin, with its strength, by thy cross crucify it !

- 6 Jesus, help conquer!—nor yield me to terror,—
Infidel science exults in its lore,—
Truth, by wrong colors, confounding with error;
Show to me now thy own wisdom the more!
Cherish my faith in thy word, and its merits!
Teach me to judge, by first trying the spirits!
- 7 Jesus, help conquer! While watchful I'm praying,
Shepherd from sleep and from slumbering free,
Thy intercession my courage be staying!
Hast thou not promis'd to make it for me?
When too, at night, by fatigue I'm o'ertaken,
Lord with thy presence my spirits awaken!
- 8 Jesus, help conquer!—When, other hopes waning,
Press'd with my wants, I my nothingness find,
Strength scarcely left me for pray'r, or complaining,
Lonely I stray like the poor timid hind,—
Then let on thee my reliance be single!
Sighs can prevail, if thyself with them mingle.
- 9 Jesus, help conquer! Be thou my defender!
Give me the victory over my foes!
Honors forever to thee will I render,
Thou art the champion none can oppose.
High shall thy name with glad praises be sounded,
Where thou art showing thy grace so unbounded.
- 10 Jesus, help conquer!—that we, too, victorious,
Worthily guests to thy supper may come,
Then to behold thee in victory glorious,
There 'mong thy jubilant host finding room;

While all thy foes are cast out and despairing,
We shall be there, crowns of righteousness wearing.

J. H. SCHROEDER, d. 1723.

66

* GRATITUDE TO CHRIST.

- THE Lord, to whom I pleaded,
Has sent me what I needed,
His constant grace I own.
My strength all help denied me,
But Jesus all supplied me;
His arm I'll trust, and his alone.
- 2 Of my escapes from dangers,
Mid friends, or foes, or strangers,
Would I the number tell,—
My heart, with love o'erflowing,
Its faith to rapture growing,
Proclaims "The Lord doth all things well!"
- 3 My glad and thankful spirit
Can never reach thy merit,
Thou holy One and true!
But praises and thanksgiving,
As long as I am living,
Shall crown thy name with honors new.
- 4 Be thine my ev'ry treasure,
Without all stint or measure,—
I naught withhold from thee:
Or aught, if I would spare it,

From me in mercy tear it,—
Thyself be all in all to me !

- 5 On thee my wishes centre,—
Forbid that self should enter !

I would in thee be lost :
For thou of all art worthy,—
O may I live before thee,
And in thy love forever trust !

- 6 In kindness, do thou teach me
How best thy smiles may reach me,
Thou Prince of matchless grace !
Then, with thy smiles to nerve me,
While soul and body serve me,
I'll task them both to show thy praise.

- 7 My pledges—I repeat them,—
O make me true to meet them,
While time for me shall last !
From ev'ry ill withhold me,
And by thy spirit mould me
For life with thee, when Time is past !

J. L. JORGENS, (Missionary to W. Indies,) d. 1827.

WHO, LORD, has any good whatever,
That does not from thyself proceed ?
Of all good gifts thou art the giver,
Supreme in counsel and in deed.

In all our wants, with humble pray'r,
Thou biddest us to thee repair.

2 Obeying, I would now implore thee,
And, while my many sins I own,
I courage take to come before thee,
Since for me intercedes thy Son.
On Him alone my hopes I place,
While I invoke thy needed grace.

3 Grant then to me, as thou approvest,
All that befits a child of thine :
None loves me, Father, as thou lovest,
None else can meet such wants as mine :
From sin, from slavish fear release,
And bless my soul with holy peace.

4 Grant me a faith shall never fail me,
One that shall always work by love ;
To rob of this should foes assail me,
May it in me new courage move,
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And more by faith on thee to live.

5 Give me a conscience unoffending,
And prompting only what is right,
A heart, to duty's call attending,
As ever open to thy sight :
And when I err, so chasten me,
That I a father's love may see.

- 6 A heart that, in my days of gladness,
May never from thy fear decline;
A heart that, under clouds of sadness,
May still submit its will to thine;
A heart that loves to trust in thee,
And patient too, create in me.
- 7 All else thou seeest good—bestow it!
What 't is I need thou knowest best:
All hope of good—to Thee I owe it,
My weakness on thy strength I rest:
Thy constant guidance I require,
For this O strengthen my desire!
- 8 While days and months away are stealing.
Give grace my life for thee to spend;
Death often to my thoughts revealing,
Then bring the day my life shall end:
That day will but my soul remove
From earth, to live with thee above.

J. S. DIETERICH, d. 1797.

ALL our hope on Him's suspended,
Who from the skies to earth descended,
And bought us with his precious blood.
We are his, both flesh and spirit,
Our highest love his favors merit,
In Him is treasur'd ev'ry good.

Lord, take us for thy own,
Our faith with glory crown!
Ever near thee
Give us a place, Where endless grace
Is beaming from thy smiling face.

- 2 Not our choice, nor our endeavor
Has earn'd for us thy pard'ning favor,—
'Tis due to sov'reign grace alone:
Strength of ours cannot avail us,
And all success must ever fail us
But that in which thy strength is shown.
Our earthly hopes restrain!
For poverty is gain,
Winning heaven.
Who trusts thy care In self-despair,
And bears thy cross,—has riches there.

- 3 *Lord of harvest!*—Hear, we pray thee!
—And, praying thus, we but obey thee,—
“Now to thy field more reapers send!”
King!—thy heralds send, inviting
As guests, all who, in grace delighting,
May wish thy supper to attend.
They, only they, find rest,
Who there with thee shall feast
In thy glory:
Where care shall cease, And perfect peace
Forevermore the soul shall bless.

- 4 Look upon the millions lying
In shades of death, and hopeless dying.

Divided from thy kingdom far :
Age on age the gloom unbroken,
To them no gospel has been spoken,
Their night has known no morning star.
Thou Light of truth divine,
Upon their darkness shine :
Pray thee, Jesus,
Go on before, Our way explore,
And set for us an open door !

5 We, what thou hast done and suffer'd,
What sacrifice for them was offer'd,
The wonders of thy dying love—
Will to them be ever telling,
Still on thy cross of mercy dwelling,
Till kindred grief their bosoms move.
For mighty is thy word,
And pierces, as a sword,
Soul and spirit :
Thy yoke of ease, Thy Spirit's bliss—
And, too, we'll tell of paradise.

6 Works, for thee most glory winning,
Are oft despis'd at their beginning ;—
What though we are frail worms of dust ?
Thou wilt ever be beside us,
Thy strength sustain, thy wisdom guide us,—
In thee alone we put our trust.
The mustard-grain will grow,
Till it a tree shall show
Widely spreading ;

For thou, O LORD, Wilt be its guard,—
For this we plead thy gracious word.

A. KNAPP, b. 1798.

69

A GENERAL PRAYER.

OUR blessings come, O God,
From thine exhaustless treasure;
Of earthly good our shares
Are portion'd at thy pleasure.
Grant to my body, LORD,
A health that may endure,
And to my spirit give
A conscience that is pure.

2 May I too strive to learn,
By ceaseless observation,
How best I may perform
The service of my station :
Wherever duty leads
May I delight to go,
On all I undertake
Thy blessing, LORD, bestow.

3 Keep me from saying what
May after need recalling ;
Guard me, lest idle words
May from my lips be falling ;
But when my duty leaves
For silence no pretense,

O make me wise to speak
The truth without offense.

4 When danger shall arise,
I would not too much fear it;
My cross, whate'er it be,
O give me strength to bear it.
May I the rage of foes
By gentleness subdue;
And, when I counsel need,
May I the best pursue.

5 With all around, may I
To peace and love incline me,—
As by the Savior taught.
And if thy hand assign me
Increase of earthly store,—
To all I thus obtain,
May there be nothing join'd
Of an unrighteous gain.

6 And if old age I reach,
Ere life on earth is ended,
And must its trials meet
With all its weakness blended,—
Against the sins of age
Awake my jealous care,
That I gray hairs may thus
A crown of glory wear.

7 And let me die at last
My Christian faith professing;

Take then my soul to thee,
To share eternal blessing :
And to my body give
Among thy dead 'a place,
That, as their ashes sleep,
Mine too may sleep in peace.

- 8 And when thy saints shall rise,
Then, Jesus, I implore thee,
Complete in righteousness,
May I appear before thee ;
And hear my Savior say,
In voice of tender love,
" Come, ye redeem'd, and share
" My perfect joys above ! "

J. HEERMANN, d. 1647.

70

PRAYER FOR MERCIES IN GENERAL.

- Now in thy presence I appear,
O LORD, my supplications hear !
The record of my crimes efface,
Thou God of mercy and of grace !
- 2 A heart that's pure, create in me,
A heart to love and honor thee,
An humble heart of thanks and praise,
A heart to trust thee all my days.
- 3 Be thou my help when dangers rise,
On thee I rest my waiting eyes :

No ills can do my spirit harm,
While guarded by thy friendly arm.

- 4 Myself and hopes are in thy hand,
From thee, all that I understand ;
But still increase my knowlege, LORD,
By sure instructions of thy word.
- 5 Thy name—that it may yield delight,
O keep it ever in my sight !
My faith—that it may work my joy,
Let works of faith be my employ.
- 6 So, LORD, my path of duty teach,—
That, learning, I may strive to reach,
In what I do, the perfect rule
Of virtue taught us in thy school.
- 7 In my own strength, I'm all unfit
The trials of the world to meet :
But, with thy strength to bear me through,
Can meet them, and can conquer too.
- 8 Of earthly good, to make me blest,
Grant, LORD, just what thou seeest best :
Of envied wealth I ask no store,—
What thou wilt bless—I ask no more.
- 9 The bounties thou to me shalt lend,
May I to others' wants extend ;
More pleas'd the needy to relieve,
Then when thy bounties I receive.

- 10 I health implore, for doing good,
For serving thee with gratitude :
But for my health would never take
Such care, as duty to forsake.
- 11 Ever a faithful friend supply,
To cheer my way to joys on high ;
One who, that both for God may live,
Shall counsel and example give.
- 12 Should thou old age to me assign,
And should its evil days be mine :
May still my trust in thee abide,
Nor clouds of age thy mercy hide.
- 13 And when my life on earth shall end,
Do thou my dying couch attend !
Be then, through thy dear Son, O LORD,
My endless life, my great reward !

C. F. GELLERT, d. 1769.

71 * PRAYER AGAINST TEMPTATION.

God, my Creator, and my Lord,
Thou Father of my spirit,
To me thy constant grace afford,
Or life—I well may fear it :—
Nay, e'en while living were I dead,
And in my sins must perish ;
Whoso with Christ, the living bread,

Shall fail his soul to nourish,
Must sink to death eternal.

- 2 On me, thy feeble child, bestow
Thy help!—through life direct me!
Make me in holiness to grow,
From sin and shame protect me!
With ceaseless guard my *lips* inclose,
That not a word may leave them,
Which might thy people's good oppose,
Or by its folly grieve them,—
Or word *thy* love offending.
- 3 Control me, LORD, in what I hear!
For, in this world degraded,
Above all else, 't is by the *ear*
Thy kingdom is invaded.
When scoffers speak their venom'd tale,
· Forbid my heart to listen!
Their pow'r of mischief thus will fail,
Nor I with them shall hasten
To ruin that is endless.
- 4 My *sight* from guilty pleasures hide,
Lest it to sin beguile me!
The wanton gaze, the glance of pride,
These—never let defile me!
What worth and modesty approve,
What angel eyes might covet,—
What Thou canst look upon with love—

That—teach mine eye to love it,—
The scenes of crime abhorring.

- 5 With slaves of wine or pamp'ring food
Permit me not to revel !
Thy service be my chosen good,
While they pronounce it evil.
Their joys the *appetite* inflame,
To ruin onward leading.
Till pleasure's false delusive name
Allures their souls, unheeding,
To death that wails forever.

P. GERHARD, d. 1676,

72

WORTH OF PRAYER.

- MY comfort here, in all that tries me,
Is found in praying to my God:
This, in my weakness, strength supplies me,
And cheers the roughest, darkest road.
In ev'ry toil, in ev'ry grief,
'Tis pray'r affords my best relief.
- 2 Where can I peace or hope discover,
When conscience to its duty wakes,
And all my sins recounting over,
The scourge of retribution shakes ?
No other hope or refuge near,
To God for mercy I repair.
- 3 And must I meet the scorn of scoffers,
If I with sin will not comply ?—

- My soul its pray'r in secret offers
To God for grace. He hears my cry ;—
A father's love from fear relieves,
And courage for his service gives.
- 4 I would not for revenge be seeking,
Should any for my inj'ry seek ;
Nor ever meet with evil speaking
Those who of me may evil speak ;
All my revenge shall be the pray'r
That they with me His grace may share.
- 5 And when a trouble may distress me
For which the world I cannot blame,
I, to a God who hears, address me
For his support to bear the same.
From griefs, which we to Him confide,
His mercy he will never hide.
- 6 And, for the duties of the calling
To me by providence assign'd,
I strength implore, before him falling ;—
Nor plead in vain. The strength I find :
'Tis He that gives ;—and Him I bless
For strength, and skill, and all success.
- 7 Or, if an evil lust alarm me,
Too weak myself its rage to quell,
I ask the Holy One to arm me :—
He nerves my heart to do his will ;
And, strong in his resistless might,
To vict'ry I maintain the fight.

- 8 And when the shades of Death o'ertake me,
 Where none but God can render aid ;
 He in my need will not forsake me,
 Nor Death shall make my soul afraid.
 Though voice should fail, my dying sighs
 Accepted pray'r to him shall rise.

J. B. MILLER, d. 1824.

73

* TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- COME, Holy Ghost, rule thou within !
 'Tis thine by grace our souls to win :
 Inspire with sacred joy the spirit
 Of all who trust thy word and fear it :
 Thy light and truth hast thou sent forth,
 From East to West, from South to North,
 To bring, from ev'ry tongue and nation,
 A host to sing the great salvation.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
- 2 Thou Holy Light of truth divine,
 From God's own word yet brighter shine,
 That we thereby may better know him,
 And pay the love his children owe him.
 Thy teaching would we gladly learn,
 And never to another turn,
 Our souls to Christ alone confiding,
 In Him, who is our life, abiding.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
- 3 Thou Holy Portion, and our Rest,—
 Help us, that, with thy comfort bless'd,

By troubles taught to prize thy favor,
 We may rejoice in thee forever !
 By strength of thine our weakness raise,
 That, living, we may live thy praise,
 And, all the host of evil routing,
 In death may triumph, fearless shouting—
 “Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !”

M. LUTHER, d. 1546.

- THOU God the Father, now in love
 And mercy, stand beside me !
 Far from my soul my sins remove,
 From dread of vengeance hide me !
 And by thy word show me the way
 That leads to everlasting day,
 Nor leave me here to wander.
- 2 Guard me, Lord Jesus ; render me
 Of self-deception wary !
 O keep me from hypocrisy,
 Long as on earth I tarry.
 I now to thee my soul confide,
 Thou Son of God with me abide—
 In living or in dying.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, true wisdom's source,
 Of faith my measure heighten !
 Sustain me in true wisdom's course,
 What's dark in me enlighten !

Grant too that I my life may spend
In holiness, till life shall end,
And then depart to glory.

- 4 Thou Three in One, the only God,
What hopes or fears betide me,—
O let them never from the road
Of love and truth divide me !
My joys and griefs—a tangled maze,—
Direct them all to show thy praise,—
Then take my soul to heaven !
-

75

* PRAYER TO THE TRINITY.

THOU Father-God, our souls sustain ;
Of all thy foes the rage restrain,
Who scorning Jesus, thy dear Son,
Would hurl him from his holy throne.

- 2 Thou Jesus, thy dominion show !
Thyself the Lord of lords below ;
Defend thy people weak and poor,
That they may honor thee the more.

- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, thy grace reveal !
Unite our hearts to do thy will !
Support us in the mortal strife,
And raise from death to endless life !

- [4 Now, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Here teach us how to praise thee most ;

And when our praise on earth is done,
To praise above the Three in One.]

M. LUTHER, d. 1546.

76

THE BELIEVER'S CONFLICT.

For help, O whither shall I flee?
Who now to peace will guide me?
To none, dear Savior, but to thee,
Can I with hope confide me.
'Tis thine to give the weary rest.
The mourning soul in thee is blest,—
Help, Jesus, the afflicted!

- 2 My sin, O Lord, is now my grief,
Against my will it rages :—
Thy grace alone can bring relief,
While sin its warfare wages.
All that I need is known to thee,
And now a part myself can see,—
Help, Jesus, the sin-burden'd!
- 3 Good Shepherd, bearest thou the weak?
Sustain me in my weakness!
Thou Great Physician of the sick,
Heal thou my moral sickness!
A prey to Death I helpless fall,—
For health and strength to thee I call,
Save, Jesus, or I perish!

- 4 To those who trust thee—"Nothing fear!"
"I am the Life!"—thou criest,

Seeks not my soul, with strong desire,
 The life which thou suppliest?
 Through all my sorrows thou canst lead,
 In death provide for ev'ry need—
 Help, Jesus, the confiding.

5 I would do good, but still I fail,—
 Must I thus always waver?
 What grief it gives thou knowest well.
 Who shall my soul deliver,
 And set the slave forever free
 From sin and death to live with thee?—
I thank thee, God, through Jesus!

J. NEANDER, d. 1680.

Al! when shall I be, from sinning
 And from wrong affections, free?
 When, the vict'ry fully winning,
 Be well-pleasing, Lord, to thee?
 I have still to own, with weeping,
 Sin his watch within is keeping,
 Still, full oft, with efforts strong,
 Urges me to do the wrong.

2 Yet, in time of my devotions,
 Musing on thy sacred word,
 I have felt those sweet emotions
 Which to saints their bliss afford.

Then I priz'd this holy pleasure
Far above all worldly treasure,
Wish'd a heart entirely thine,
Warm with virtue all divine.

3 Then too vow'd, full purpose making,
That I only thine would be,
And, my inmost pow'rs awaking,
From all evil would be free ;
Thee my service wholly giving,
Ever for thy glory living,
Sin in all its forms would shun,
And the ways of God would run.

4 But, alas!—too soon, exerting
Hidden pow'r, some passion rose,
Marring, hind'ring, disconcerting
Ev'ry good I might propose.
Lures to pleasure, fears and troubles,
Ill examples, cheating bubbles,—
These on ev'ry side assail,—
And my schemes of goodness fail.

5 Wretched man !—from evil turning,
Vain my utmost strength appears ;
Then, with deepest sorrow mourning,
Fruitless, too, are all my tears ;
Sin afresh stands forth to brave me,—
Is there none from sin to save me ?
Thanks!—my God, through Christ, will free
From this load of misery !

- 6 Thou forgivest, God of mercies,
Those who 'gainst their errors strive :
They alone shall bear thy curses,
Who in sin consent to live.
May I not then hope for pardon,
While I feel my sins a burden ?
Trusting to thy gracious care,
Can I yield me to despair ?
- 7 Never cease thy kind protection !
Sin will new advantage seek,
While, with unattain'd perfection,
I must here continue weak.
Keep me, Lord, from self-reliance.
When I'm tempted, from compliance,
That, in all sincerity,
I may humbly walk with thee.
- 8 When I fall, make me observant,
Careful lest I fall again,
Haste to strengthen then thy servant,
That my course I may maintain :
Warn me !—ever go beside me !
Daily on—still onward guide me !
Till I reach eternal rest,
With thy perfect image blest !

My Life is but a pilgrim-stand :—
A trav'ler to my father-land,
I seek the city with foundation,
Whose builder, maker, is my God ;—
And gaining there my blest abode,
Would ever sing his great salvation.
My Life is here a pilgrim-stand,
I'm trav'ling to my father-land.

- 2 The hours of Life's uncertain day
Haste on without a moment's stay,
And, when once gone, are gone forever ;
They bear me to eternity ;
Lord Jesus, give me eyes to see !
Whate'er I need to know discover !
Nor let earth's vain delusions hide
Thee from my sight, my only guide !
- 3 No journey is without its cares ;—
Life's journey too the spirits wears ;—
It is not all a path of roses.
The road is narrow,—foes are strong—
And oft entice me to the wrong ;
The tangled thorn my way opposes ;—
O'er trackless wilds I'm forced to go,
And, groping, toil my passage through.
- 4 At times to me the Sun is bright,—
That Sun that sheds its gracious light,

Alone to bless the pure in spirit :
Then comes the roaring, raging storm,—
So loud, terrific its alarm,—
So dark,—I cannot help but fear it :
But when I think of joys above,
My terror yields its place to love.

5 Thou, Jesus, once a pilgrim too,
Wilt prove thyself a helper true,
Of all my anxious cries, a hearer.
Thy warning word in mind I'll keep,
And, by thy guidance, ev'ry step
Shall bring me to salvation nearer.
My life and strength are waning fast,
Lord, with thy consolations haste !

6 That I may grow in holiness,
With stronger faith my spirit bless,
And thus of stumbling make me heedful !
I daily fall—help me to rise,
And, by each fall, yet more to prize
Thy helping hand, so often needful :
While, in this darken'd soul of mine,
Thy beams of mercy brighter shine.

7 And while my heart, O God of grace,
Shall faint with longings for thy face,—
Prepare my soul for thy fruition !
Whene'er to earth my eyelids close,
May I with thee enjoy repose
Where sin and grief find no admission.

Thy weary child bid thither come,
To live with Thee—a blissful Home.

- 8 My lot is here with strangers thrown,
And by the world I'm little known ;—
But *there* friends wait with joy to meet me :
And there, with those I love the most,
I'll join in song the angel-host,
Whose glories with their welcome greet me.
My Savior come ! no more delay !
And thither bear my soul away !

F. A. LAMPE, d. 1729.

WE are but pilgrims here below,
With loads of care oppress'd,
While through earth's dreary vale we go,
And vainly look for rest ;
His way beset with griefs and fear,
The weary wand'rer sighs,—
He seeks, and ever hopes 't is near,
The good that from him flies.

- 2 Here is no father-land—no home,
No resting-place is here ;—
For trial we are hither come.
The soul pants with desire,
But her desires can never fill ;
And cures, that here are found

The wounded heart of man to heal,
Add torment to the wound.

- 3 The pleasures which on earth we find,
Are smoke, soon seen no more ;
They're billows which the angry wind
Is dashing on the shore.
With toil we build, and then destroy ;—
We oft new burdens choose :—
And, what to-day we count our joy,
To-morrow we refuse.

- 4 The pride of knowledge, falsely call'd,
Oft leads our souls astray :
The blind by blinder guides are told—
“ We've found a better way ! ”
Dear Savior, from thy throne above,
Set us from error free !
Grant us to serve thee here in love,—
Then call us home to thee !

- 5 When faith thy promise humbly takes,
And seeks thy will to do,—
Clear light upon our pathway breaks,
The world to guide us through.
Thy Spirit send, our souls to save !—
Thy wisdom make our own !—
That we may rest beyond the grave,
And wear the pilgrim's crown.

80

PATH OF LIFE.

- 1 THE way of Christians leads through deserts dreary,
And thorny is their road ;
The mountain heights are fearful, steep, and weary,
By which they rise to God.
- 2 But, trav'ler, falter not !—God's hand extended
Shall guide and strengthen thee :
Look onward !—Where their earthly course is ended
The crown of glory see !
- 3 This prize full well deserves thy utmost striving ;
Not worthy to compare
Are trials which, ere to the goal arriving,
The faithful pilgrims bear.
- 4 Through all its straits would I still, uncomplaining,
The narrow way pursue :—
What joy and thanks,—when, to its end attaining,
I reach the garland too !
- 5 Oft now, while faith before my thoughts is bringing
The victor's happy crown ;
My raptur'd soul her flight from earth is winging
Up to the Savior's throne.

C. C. STURM, d. 1788.

81

* THE NARROW WAY.

To life there leads a narrow way,
The only path to endless day ;
Some few admittance seek to gain,
 But, urg'd in vain,
Far more reject it with disdain.

2 *These* take the wide and beaten road,
By this to meet a jealous God :
To honor Christ, his word and name,
 They never aim ;
But, scorning,—brave eternal shame.

3 How precious, LORD, thy grace I find,
To mould aright the wayward mind !
My guilty pride it made to bow,
 Else I had now
With them been rushing on to woe.

4 Still more and more teach me to love
The way that leads to life above,
And, by thy constant service here,
 My soul prepare
To reign with thee in glory there.

5 While others waste their strength and health,
To swell their store of worldly wealth,
I, to the Spirit having sown,
 With joy would own—
“ God is my portion,—God alone.”

- 6 And while o'er land and sea they go,
Through storms of wind, of rain, or snow,—
O'er mountains, valleys, rocks and hills,
For countless miles,
Led on by Folly's varied wiles :
- 7 Would I, for Canaan's happy land,
My wishes and my labor spend ;
And here a pilgrim, day by day,
In wisdom's way,
As much untiring zeal display.
- 8 And if the world my flesh shall feed,
Lest fond indulgence should succeed,
Give me the grace to show *his* pow'r
Whom I adore,
And crucify my flesh the more.
- 9 Make me in truth, what thou wilt prize ;
'Twere vain for me to seek disguise ;
But if thy light from me shall shine,
The gift divine
Will seal all other blessings mine.
- 10 Assist my efforts so to live,
As by my life the proof to give
That in my soul thy Spirit reigns,
And room retains,
Where Jesus, too, a dwelling gains.
- 11 But this, dear Lord, shall more be seen,
When thou art fully form'd within,

And angels at thy bidding come
 To bear me home,
 A pilgrim never more to roam.

- 12 Guide now my portion at thy will !
 Thy work of grace in me fulfill !
 Then, in thy image I shall rise
 To take the prize,
 And shout—" 'Tis finish'd !" through the skies.
 W. F. TAFINGER, b. 1691.
-

82

WAY TO HEAVEN.

- STEEP and thorny is the way
 On to life,—and most refuse it :
 Wiser far,—more blest are they
 Who with all its trials choose it :
 Happy, who its end attain,
 And the prize of glory gain !
- 2 'Bove all measure their reward,
 Who, till death, are persevering ;
 Who from earth withhold regard,
 But, to Jesus still adhering,
 Firm in faith direct their eye
 Ever to the crown on high.
- 3 He whom, though unseen, we love,
 He has won our prize so glorious ;
 From the cross, to God above
 He ascended all victorious,—

When "'Tis finish'd!" he had cried,
And for vict'ry first had died.

- 4 Conq'ring Chief!—we, void of fear,
Follow thee, no toil declining;
Storms and night surround us *here*,
There the light is ever shining;
Dawn is beaming, seen by faith
Through the gloomy shades of death.

- 5 Onward, comrades, urge your way!
Let no fears or foes alarm us!
Look to Jesus!—Watch,—and pray
That our God with strength may arm us!
In our weakness mighty shown,
He gives vict'ry through his Son.

S. G. BURDE, b. 1758.

JESUS, my Lord and God,
Whose glories none can tell;
My spirit's life and strength,
The great Immanuel!
Thy people thou dost form,
And from their evil cleanse,—
Grant then, O Lord, to me
Deliv'rance from my sins!

Confide in my promise!—confiding, be still!
Distrust not my power!—distrust not my will!
Behold, from afar I salvation reveal!

2 Ah, Yes! my spirit's friend,

I feel I'm far from thee :

O draw me to thyself!

Reveal thy pow'r in me!

A heart, O Lord, that's pure,

Of all things wish I most,—

But mine is all defil'd :—

Alas! must I be lost?

Thou art not forsaken,—thy heart I renew ;

I am thy Redeemer ; remain to me true !

My perfect redemption in thee will I show.

3 *Redemption!*—I am yet

By sin with fetters bound :

And am I *true*? Alas,

I'm fickle, faithless found :

And where is that *new heart*

Should glow with love to God?

Guilt feel I more and more,—

My sins a heavier load !

Thy pray'r I will answer :—in spite of all foes,

From sin I will save thee,—from Hell's fearful woes :

I'll do it—Who can the Almighty oppose ?

4 'Tis well ! I own thy grace,

And in thy word confide :

Hope shall my anchor be,

Till safe in port I ride.

Dear Savior, through my course,

To me thy guidance lend,

Till I at length shall come
Where sins and sorrows end.
Believer, be fearless!—this anchor hold fast!
Doubt not!—I will guard thee, till dangers be past,
And to a sure haven will bring thee at last.

84

GODLY FEAR.

- Most High! with reverence to fear thee
Is both our duty and delight;
None can with holy joy come near thee,
But those who fear before thy sight:
Work then, dear Father, work in me,
By thy good Spirit, fear of thee!
- 2 May it preside o'er all my goings,
Control my heart, direct my will;
Thus guarding me, in all my doings,
From ev'ry known approach to ill:
For, if the love of sin remain,
All show of love to thee is vain.
- 3 Grant that I ever may adore thee
As One who all my actions sees;
And be afraid to do before thee
Aught that would thee my God displease.
What if the praise of earth were gain'd,
If thee, great God, I should offend!
- 4 May I, too, fear the Judgment coming,
Nor dare with scoffers to agree:

Despairing not, yet not presuming,—
Nor arrogant in serving thee :
Nor let thy grace be my pretense
For blind or careless confidence.

- 5 May I so dread all that would nourish
The lawless appetites of sin ;
So all the right affections cherish,
That I through thee may vict'ry win ;
And, when the conflict shall be past,
May triumph with thy saints at last.
- 6 Maintain my conscience pure, unswerving,
Fearless of shame or trouble here ;
And this, my heart with courage nerving,
For ev'ry trial will prepare :
While nothing shall allure, or fright
My soul from choosing what is right.
- 7 May reverence prompt all my reflections,—
And still, wherever I may be,
Direct in honesty my actions,
From all disguise and feigning free.
They who thus honor thee in heart—
None else—with thee shall have their part.
- 8 Thus may I fear thee while I'm living ;
Dying, I'll fear not death or grave :
And then, eternal life receiving,
For which thy Son the purchase gave,

Will rise to share thy joys above,
Where all is light, and peace, and love.

BENJ. SCHMOLKE, d. 1787.

85

JOY IN GOD.

IN thee, O God, I find my joy,
Thou art my trust,—What can annoy,
Long as thy love shall bless me ?
LORD, I am thine, And thou art mine ;—
Can any want distress me ?

2 For thou hast chosen me by grace,
And with thy saints assign'd my place,—
The world in vain would hurt me :
Thy mercy will Its measure fill,—
Thou never wilt desert me.

3 Thy patience too is strangely kind,
Of daily sins I pardon find :
To me, my guilt deploring,
Thou bring'st anew Thy Son to view,
My comfort thus restoring.

4 Thou art to me the best of friends,
That to my ev'ry want attends :
None can thyself resemble !
Firm at my side Wilt thou abide,
Though hills and mountains tremble.

5 Thou art my light, my life, desire,
My Rock :—nor can I more require

That's found in earth or heaven.
Lord, without thee, All else to me
For joy were vainly given.

6 'Bove ev'ry good, thou art the best,
On whom my highest pleasures rest ;
In thee I live confiding :
Here, and above, LORD, may our love
Be evermore abiding !

7 Thou blessest me :—let foes revile !
Since, for my harm, their rage and toil
Must prove all unavailing.
While thou art near I will not fear,
But sing with song unfailing.

8 From thee is flowing endless peace,
Its streams with pleasure now I trace,
Thou source of true enjoyment,
To where thy praise, Through endless days,
Shall be my glad employment.

9 To human eye has not appear'd
What joys above thou hast prepar'd,—
But faith cannot deceive me :
There perfect bliss I shall possess,
And of it none bereave me.

86

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

WHATE'ER GOD *does, is fitly done* ;
To change my evil nature,
He gave his Spirit through his Son,
And form'd me a new creature.
His mercy's sure, It will endure ;
And, on this firm foundation,
I rest me for salvation.

2 *What'er* GOD *does, is fitly done* ;
And right his sov'reign pleasure:
Since he has made my care his own,
I'll trust his ev'ry measure:
He is my God,— Through all my road,
He knows how to sustain me,
And in his service train me.

3 *Whate'er* GOD *does, is fitly done* ;
He is my guide—defender ;—
In varied forms his love is shown :
To Him my will I render
In joy, or woe,— And time will show
How well he has directed,
And all my way protected.

4 *Whate'er* GOD *does, is fitly done* ;
And all, for wisest reasons :
By best of paths he leads me on,—
E'en at the darkest seasons
I find his grace In ev'ry place ;

And, conscious of his keeping,
I change to joy my weeping.

- 5 *Whate'er God does, is fitly done ;*
Of this I have assurance.
True!—here my life its course may run
Through dangers and endurance :
Still, I shall share His loving care ;—
His circling arms infold me,
And, when I die, will hold me.

- 6 *Whate'er God does, is fitly done ;*
His cup—shall I refuse it,
Because it is a bitter one ?
He sees it best,—I choose it :
And He at last Will give me rest
Where duty has no trials,
And needs no self-denials.

SAM. RODEGAST, d. 1708.

RULE thou my portion, LORD ; my skill
I could not trust to guide it :
To my Creator's gracious will
I cheerfully confide it ;
Thou by whose hands All nature stands,
Through all the days decreed me,
My God and Father, lead me !

- 2 Thou sawest from Eternity
How much would best befit me ;
Didst fix what here my days should be,
What joys and griefs should meet me.
Why shrink my heart? Wouldst thou have part
In faith's rich blessings tender'd,
Without faith's service render'd?
- 3 Thou knowest, LORD, my ev'ry want,
And, ere my pray'r is pleaded,
Art ready my request to grant,
As wisdom sees 't is needed.
Thy love to me Is fatherly :—
Be not my wish the measure,
But, Father, thy good pleasure.
- 4 Full oft a course of wish'd success
Prepares for sorrows—firmer
Than any wrought by such distress
At which we're prone to murmur.
From earthly grief Death brings relief,—
While cherish'd idols—failing,
Then bring remorse and wailing.
- 5 What 't is that forms our highest good,
All know who wish to hear it :
Nor honors, wealth, nor pamp'ring food
Can cheer the deathless spirit :
But if thy word We will regard,
We hence may pleasures borrow,
To sweeten ev'ry sorrow.

- 6 What is life's glory here below ?
 Soon it will all have vanish'd :
 What is the grief we suffer now ?
 'T will soon be ever banish'd.
 Trust in the LORD ! For His reward
 To endless glory raises,—
 Ye righteous, sing his praises !

C. F. GELLERT, d. 1769.

88

* DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

- IN all my plans, thou Highest,
 If counsel thou suppliest,
 My efforts may succeed :
 But ev'ry best endeavor,
 Without thy smile of favor,
 Can but to disappointment lead,
- 2 No toil by day, nor sorrow
 From evening till the morrow,
 Nor murm'ring aught avails :
 My goings I confide them
 To thee, my God, to guide them,—
 To faith thy mercy never fails.
- 3 The path—would I oppose it ?
 My heav'nly Father chose it
 And will its wisdom prove :
 Thou takest, or thou givest,—

The same thou ever livest,—
And evermore thy name is *love*.

4 Pursuing thy direction,
I'll trust in thy protection,
Amid surrounding foes ;
Thy promise, always near me,
With constant hope will cheer me,
Till thou the promis'd good disclose.

5 From sin's oppressive burden
Relieving me, thy pardon
From wrath has set me free :
Leave not my soul forsaken,
If now by sin o'ertaken,
But in thy patience chasten me !

6 When night repose is lending,
Or sun, the skies ascending,
Brings back the toils of day :
When ways of peril offer,
Or I the cross must suffer,
Thy word abides my spirit's stay.

7 Go with me !—and wherever
It be,—I'll nothing waver,—
Content, will forward go.
No threaten'd ill alarms me,
With strength thy presence arms me,—
And will conduct me safely through.

8 With all thy will complying,
 For living,—or for dying,
 The whole to thee I leave :
 If thou to-day should call me
 To die—'t will not appal me,
 I'll, undismay'd, the call receive.

9 Be his, my spirit, wholly,
 And trust *his* wisdom solely,
 Who has thy being bless'd :
 Whate'er on earth be given,
 Thy Father rules in heaven,
 Appointing what for thee is best.

P. FLEMMING, before setting out with an embassy to Persia, 1635.

89

GOD OUR DEFENSE.

A tow'r of safety is our God,
 His sword and shield defend us ;
 His mercy too relieves the load
 Of evils that attend us.
 But the ancient foe
 Strives to work our woe ;
 Fearful power and art
 In him their force exert,—
 On earth he has no rival.

2 By strength of ours naught could be done,—
 The strife full soon were ended ;

But fights for us that righteous, One
By God himself commended.
Needs his name be told ?
Jesus—from of old
LORD of Sabbaoth,—
Our God and Savior both,—
HE shall our souls deliver.

3 Though devils all the earth should fill,
Each gaping to devour us,
This Savior would our terrors quell,
And vict'ry guide before us.
Prince of this vain world,
Be thy fury hurl'd
On our heads !—'t were vain !
He will thy rage restrain,
His smallest word subdue thee.

4 His truth our *foes* shall help to show,—
For this no thanks they merit ;—
Believing him we onward go,
He cheers us by his Spirit :—
Should they, in the strife,
Quench our joys—and life ;—
When their worst is done,
For us the vict'ry's won—
He'll crown us then with glory.

M. LUTHER, d. 1546.

90

* THE LORD IS MY HELPER.

LORD, I have trusted in thy name,—
And Shall my hope be turn'd to shame ?
O! foes for this deride me ?
Be thou my stay By night or day,
To thee I still confide me.

2 Incline to me thy gracious ear,
Now for my rescue, LORD, appear,
And hasten to deliver !
With danger nigh To thee I fly,
My confidence forever.

3 Beneath the shelter of thine arm,
I'm safe from ev'ry threaten'd harm ;
Nor would I fear to meet them—
Should countless foes My way oppose ;
But with thine aid defeat them.

4 Be thou my strength, my rock and tow'r,
My shield, my sword of matchless pow'r,
My health, my soul's reliance !
If God be mine, I'll vict'ry win,
In spite of all defiance.

5 The world oft seeks, by artful lies,
To lead astray ;—with fair disguise
To ruin would allure me :
In mercy, LORD, My footsteps guard,
And from its snares secure me.

- 6 My dearest hopes I leave with thee,
 My God, my God, turn not from me,
 To thee is all commended !
 Hear, LORD, my cry, And grace supply,
 Till dangers all are ended !
- 7 Now honor, glory, thanks and praise,
 To Father, Son, and Spirit raise—
 The God of boundless favor !
 By him alone Our vict'ry's won,—
 Be His our songs forever !

ADAM REISSNER, d. 1568.

A favorite hymn with SPENER, who used to sing it almost daily, and with head uncovered.

- COMMIT thy way, confiding,
 When trials here arise,
 To Him whose hand is guiding
 The tumults of the skies :
There, clouds and tempests raging,
 Have each its path assign'd,—
 Will God, for thee engaging,
 No way of safety find ?
- 2 Trust in the LORD !—His favor
 Will for thy wants provide :
 Regard his work,—and ever
 Thy work shall safe abide :

When injuries o'ertake thee,
Or self-inflicted care,
Let not thy God forsake thee,
He listens for thy pray'r.

3 With eye that's never weary,
The God of truth and grace
Sees all that's bright, or dreary,
Befalling all our race :
Of faith, whate'er opposes,
He makes the cause his own ;
And, when the conflict closes,
Thy vict'ry shall be won.

4 His way through nature reaches,
Nor fails its steady course ;
His goodness ever teaches
Of good the only source :
His skill, by naught impeded,
Will what is best pursue ;
All by his people needed
His arm of strength will do.

5 Should Satan league his forces,
God's purpose to withstand ;
Think not their rage and curses
Could stay his lifted hand.
When He makes known his pleasure,
The counsel of his will,—
That, in its utmost measure,
Will he at last fulfill.

- 6 Hope on then, weak believer,
 Hope on, and falter not !
He will thy soul deliver
 From deeps of troubled thought ;
Thy graces He will nourish,
 With hope thy heart employ,
Till faith and love shall flourish,
 And yield their fruits of joy.
- 7 Up ! up ! bid now to sorrow
 And all thy cares—" Good night ! "
Why trouble seek,—and borrow
 A charge that 's not thy right ?
Thou art not made inspector,
 How things should be to tell ;
God is the sole Director,
 And orders all things well.
- 8 The plan, to his discretion,
 With all its parts resign !
Thou 'lt find, on its completion,
 The wonder will be thine—
How, what by thee was noted
 As dark, now understood,
Most wisely has promoted
 His glory, and thy good.
- 9 'Tis true, that, for a season,
 He may his gifts restrain,
And leave thee room to reason
 If all thy trust be vain ;

Or, while thy hopes shall waver,
And fears and griefs prevail,
To ask—"Must then God's favor
"And all his mercies fail?"

10 But, if the trial ended
Shall show thy love is true;
The love to thee extended
Will show his wisdom too:
From sorrows, that oppress thee,
He will thy peace restore;
And, by these sorrows, bless thee
With heart to love him more.

11 Well bless'd, such grace receiving,
God's children thus are known!
Now faith, with glad thanksgiving,
Beholds the victor's crown;
Thy hand the palm branch raises,
God gives it thee to bear,
And shout aloud *his* praises
Who has remov'd thy care.

12 The troubles, LORD, that try us—
O bring them to an end!
With needed strength supply us!
Thy love to us commend!
That we, till death pursuing
The best, thy chosen way,

May then, our life renewing,
Praise thee in endless day !

P. GERHARD, d. 1676.

As God shall lead I'll take my way,
Nor wish my own selection :
The path He chooses cannot stray,
Nor needs it my correction.
His guidance I will ever keep,
And cheerful follow step by step,—
As child would trust a father.

- 2 As God shall lead I'll follow still,
Imploring his assistance,—
Though far too often my self-will
Might wish to make resistance :
Let God the way for me explore,
And I will now, and evermore,
His counsel seek to honor.
- 3 If God will lead me—'tis enough,—
On Him is my reliance :
And let the road be smooth, or rough,
I yield a glad compliance.
Into his hands I all commit,
To guide for me as seemeth fit,—
For living, or for dying.
- 4 God leads me—and my ev'ry change
I leave to his good pleasure :

Though Reason may pronounce it strange—
 His course reveals the measure
 Of good, that He for me had thought
 Before I was to being brought :
 Can I refuse his guidance !

5 God leads me—I will true remain,
 Nor faith, nor hope shall waver :
 My spirit, if his strength sustain,
 Who from his love can sever ?
 With confidence I'll hold it fast,
 And ills, endur'd from first to last,
 Shall work my greater blessing.

6 As God shall lead I'll onward go,
 E'en where Death's shadows lower :
 But Death shall prove a conquer'd foe,
 His terrors, lose their power ;
 For He,—my Savior,—will be there,
 Who died that faith might nothing fear ;—
 This is my soul's sheet-anchor.

L. GEDIKE, d. 1785.

93

GOD OUR LIGHT, ETC.

God is my light !—Never, my soul, despair
 In hours of thy distress !
 The sun withdraws, and earth is dark and drear :—
 My Light will never cease ;
 On days of joy with splendor beaming ;—
 Through nights of grief, its rays are gleaming,—
 God is my light !

- 2 God is my trust!—My soul, be not afraid!
Thy Helper will abide:
“I’ll not forsake thee!”—He has kindly said,—
He’s ever at thy side;
In feeble age will yet stand by thee,
No real good will he deny thee:—
God is my Trust!
- 3 His is the pow’r!—He speaks, and it is done;
Commands, it standeth fast;
Ere hope of rescue is in me begun,
Behold, the work is past!
When we our weakness most are feeling,
God loves to prove, his strength revealing,
His is the Pow’r.
- 4 The kingdom his!—Throughout the earth he reigns
With wisdom, grace, and might;
The stars go on, and time its course maintains,
Beneath his watchful sight;
In silence onward still proceeding,
The universe obeys his leading,—
The Kingdom his!
- 5 God is my shield!—Of me he takes the care
As none beside could do;
He guards my head,—he watches ev’ry hair,
All dangers brings me through:
While thousands, to vain helpers calling,
On right and left are near me falling,—
He is my Shield!

- 6 God's my reward!—Well pleas'd I onward go
 The path that he has shown :
 It has no trials but my God will know,
 When he awards my crown.
 I'll gladly strive, the fight sustaining,
 Until in death the vict'ry gaining,—
 God's my Reward !

HENGSTENBERG, 1825.

94

FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

- God, to my soul benighted,
 Gave light and life to see :
 When earthly hopes are blighted,
 He'll not abandon me !
 He ever is the same !
 As day successive changes,
 He for my wants arranges,
 Always the great *I am*.
- 2 While human love or favor
 Soon cold or dead appears,
 His mercy glows forever,—
 He numbers all my tears,
 He softens all my grief ;
 From sin and dang'rous errors,
 From guilt and gloomy terrors,
 From death, he gives relief.
- 3 God, with his love, has bless'd me !
 Bereft of all besides,

Upon his arm I'll rest me :
He my affliction guides,—
I'll leave it to his will :
My int'rests here, in heaven,
To God the Lord be given,
His pleasure to fulfill.

4 It ever is his pleasure
To work his people's good ;
'Twas goodness, beyond measure,
Gave them a Savior's blood.
He, who so much has done,
Has said they shall inherit,
In body and in spirit,
All good through Christ his Son.

5 Away the world is gliding,
Its joys and empty show :
A bliss, pure and abiding,
On me will God bestow.
True!—life on earth shall close,—
But when, by grave invested,
This weary frame has rested,—
He'll wake it from repose.

6 My soul, already living
In God's paternal hand,
Fit body then receiving
For my new father-land,—
It shall my glory be,
Where saints enjoy his blessing,

To praise, with song unceasing,
The Lamb eternally.

- 7 Though now I sorrows suffer,
Such as my sin requires ;
My future prospects offer
All that my heart desires
Of joys that shall endure :
Christ eye to eye appearing,
My soul his image wearing,
My lot will be secure.
- 8 It is the Father's pleasure,
Who here assign'd our place,
That now his Son's full treasure
Should yield us grace for grace :
His Spirit He supplies,
To us the pathway showing,—
Of bliss that's ever growing,—
To him let anthems rise !
- 9 Praise Him, with hearts and voices,
Who gave us all our pow'rs !
'Tis thus that faith rejoices
To consecrate the hours !
The praise of God will prove
On earth our best enjoyment,—
Nay more !—our blest employment
In realms of peace above.

